

1907

1907 Kooltuo

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WASHINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

'07 KOOLTUO

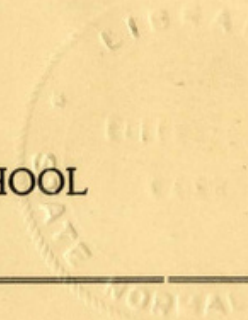
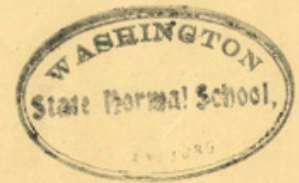
THE SECOND SCHOOL ANNUAL

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

JUNIOR CLASS



WASHINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
1907

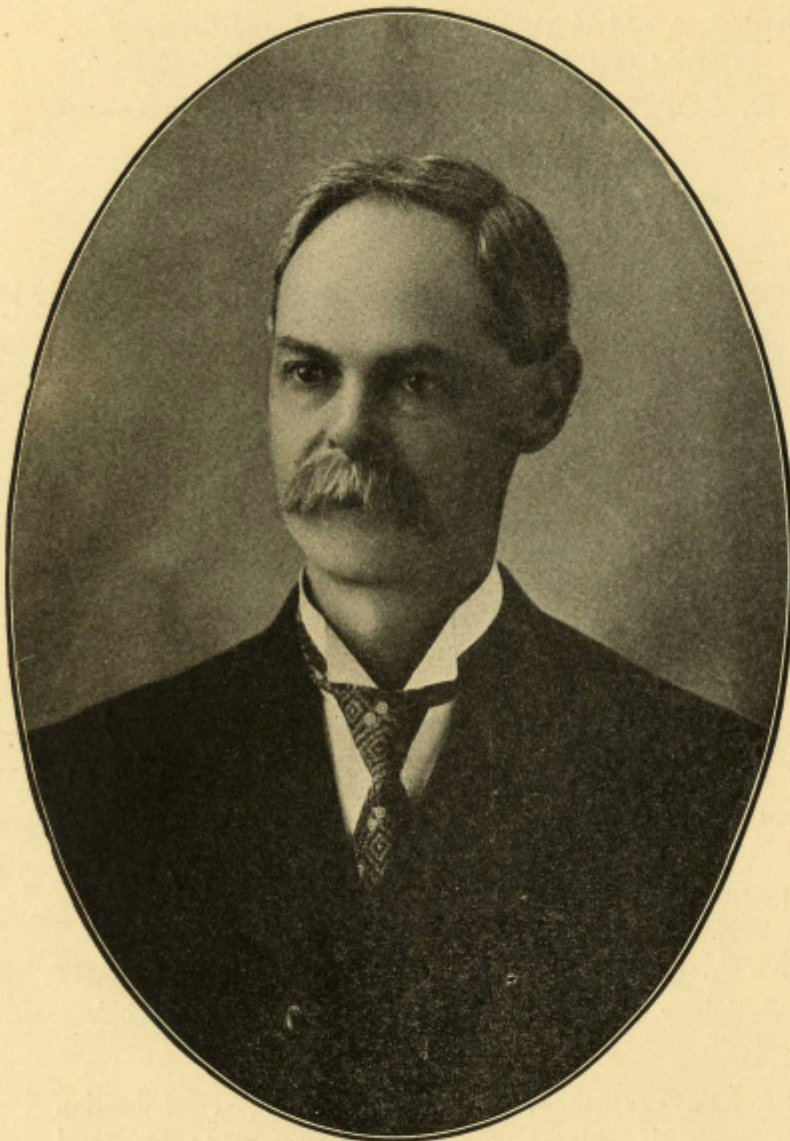


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SPECIAL
COLLECTION

TO OUR PRINCIPAL
WILLIAM EDWARD WILSON
WITH AFFECTIONATE APPRECIATION
OF
HIS EVER READY SYMPATHY AND INTEREST
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

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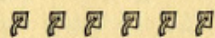
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KOOLTUO JUNIOR Born 1906

THIS little man made his first bow to you just a year ago. He was a child then, a tender infant, and had attained to that stage of growth at which you met him only in weakness and by much anxious care and tender love from those whose child he was. But a child grows in many ways during twelve months. His internal organs become strengthened to such a degree that he can take what a growing organism demands, solid food. His back gains strength and straightness; his teeth begin to make their appearance; and last but not least, especially if the child be a boy, does he acquire a change in outward appearance. He wears a different, a newer and a more substantial, dress than he was habited in at the beginning. So, dear friends, as his fond and affectionate foster parents, we wish to re-introduce to you this child, for such he still must be called, which for a year we have carefully dressed and fed, Master Kooltuo, a year older, we hope a year wiser, and a year more beautiful and interesting.

Fond parents talk of nothing as enthusiastically and look at nothing as blindly, as their children; we may then be pardoned what, to the unsympathetic, may seem our pride in the growth and strength of our child; and may be granted a little of your time while we point out to you the ways in which Kooltuo has perhaps outgrown the baby of a year ago. In the first place, the young gentleman is able to say with unalloyed pride that the tissue of his internal organs (called by the profane, paper) is of the best, of a very strong, smooth, beautiful texture and well able to receive and stow away the excellent material upon which he has been fed. Here we wish to thank the school as a whole for showing such a lively interest in our child, and for contributing, in its generosity, such quantities of food, from the daintiest delicacies to the most tickling and spiciest of appetizers. It is well that we had the opportunity of consulting such an able physician as Dr. Harris, else, much as we love the boy, he would, long ere this have suffered a sad and tearful decline. As it was, we had great difficulty in reducing some of the decoctions to their basic quantities; especially was this true of a number of very choice dishes gotten up by his doting aunts and uncle, the Senior class. We finally decided that, since this is an age of great advancement, when matrimonial schools and reformed spelling run rampant, we would give him the food as his relatives had prepared it for him, only being careful that he consume it in small quantities, and then only with our full permission. But to her, who so ably selected, arranged, and tested all his food, we owe much and wish to express our most sincere thanks. All our teachers have been interested in the growth of this precocious infant, and for their interest we are very grateful, especially for that of Prin. Wilson, for his many inquiries and his continued thoughtfulness, for that of Prof. Morgan who helped us so successfully in our effort to make a living for our son, and for that of Miss Thomas who has so generously given us her time and thought to the same end.

We say that Master Kooltuo is a precocious infant, for we see him this year with a perfect back, and while ordinary children are not able to stand at the end of little more than a year, we find this boy quite able to stand alone. Lest our readers may think they see in any of his doings or sayings indications that he has used his teeth, let us say at once that, while our pride in the child may have led us to allow him to show them, it has been our intent throughout the year to teach him fit occasions for their use, and that such occasions do not occur at times like this. Last of all, we introduce our little friend to you in a new suit, and in our fondness we almost feel this is the very best of all. This suit is in the latest style for boys and is a perfect fit. It is made of most excellent material and quite changes the whole appearance of the little fellow who visited you last year.

We might go on at length, for parents never lack subjects for conversation though they do some times seem to lack words to express their thoughts about their children. We commend this little man to you; we have worked hard for him;

we have spent sleepless hours thinking of him and his future; we have sacrificed many things, as parents must always do and are glad to do. We love him well, and now that the time of parting has come, we forget all our past worry and care and tears, and know only that he is about to pass from our charge. Imperfect parents and protectors as we are, we have done our best for him and we give him now to you. Farewell, dear child of ours. Much have you done for us, something may you do for others. Farewell. He is yours. Love him and cherish him that he may grow to man's estate.

M. B. B.

Two Important Events.

THE trustees have taken up the matter of the water supply for the lawn and hope this summer to have in operation a water system of their own which will give the much needed supply to the whole grounds. The water is brought through a main from the town ditch (an irrigation ditch a few blocks north of the school) and the trustees feel that through this supply the lawns can be taken care of during the months when the city supply is inadequate to the demand upon it.

Anderson Street, which runs south from the Normal entrance, was graded and parked last year. The result was so gratifying that the property owners have decided to similarly improve Eighth Street, which runs east and west in front of the Normal. The work is progressing favorably, and although we are treated to many discomforts now, we look forward to the time when this will be a fitting approach to the Normal grounds.

The news of the passage of the appropriation bill by the Olympia Legislators was greeted with great delight by the whole school. The bill appropriated \$75,000, for the erection of new buildings, a training school building, cost \$65,000, and an outside heating plant to heat both buildings, cost \$10,000. At this early date nothing definite has been planned or done, but the officers hope to have the new building ready for occupancy in the fall of 1908. The rooms now occupied by the training department, when vacated, will be utilized for the regular work of the school. It is hoped they will supply room for the enlargement of the library and the establishing of suitable offices for the teachers and officers of the school.

Our school was honored on April 15, by a visit from Governor Mead and two members of the Board of Control, Mr. Jones and Mr. Davis. This Board of Control, of which Mr. Piles of Seattle is chairman, was created by the last Legislature to construct the buildings of the several State Educational Institutions, with the exception of the buildings for the State University. The Board brought with it Mr. Zittel, an architect from Spokane, who is to make the plans and supervise the construction of the buildings here and at the Cheney Normal School. The Board instructed the Trustees to supply the architect with the necessary data, that he may prepare the plans. Furthermore they provided that, when the plans have been made in every way satisfactory to the trustees, they are to be sent to the Board for its approval.

The gentlemen spoke to the students at two thirty, at which time they expressed their hearty interest in the Educational Institutions of the state, and their realization of their value to the state. They furthermore indicated their interest by their prompt action in beginning plans for the construction of the much needed new buildings.

S. R. W.

Literary

A REFLECTION

When my study wearied eyes
Turn from books to read the skies,
Then my fancy wanders far,
Out beyond the farthest star,
High into the boundless scope,
For a measure of my hope.

Then I make my greatest plea,
And my prayer shall always be,
That my heart may ever keep
That great kindness, real and deep,
Which, when best, from cant is free,
And can smile true charity.

B. ROGERS



Look Before You Leap.*

LAST summer my two sisters and I spent our vacation at our home on the farm. The weather was so warm that it was almost impossible to sleep in the house, so we girls took possession of a small tent, which was pitched under some trees in the yard. My oldest sister was rather timid, and each night she diligently carried the hatchet to bed with her and carefully tucked it under her pillow so, as she said, that it would be handy in case of an emergency. My sister Jacqueline, whom we called Jack for more reasons than one, was always teasing Beth about the hatchet and wishing that the long expected emergency would arise, so that Beth might have the satisfaction of using it. Beth's retort was, that Jack would never know if we were all murdered in our beds; for she would follow in the footsteps of Rip Van Winkle and sleep the proverbial twenty years, if some member of the family didn't expend his energy for about two hours each morning, trying to recall her wandering mind from the realms of dreamland.

One morning in the "wee small hours," I was rudely awakened from my slumbers by some one abruptly sitting down upon me and madly tearing and jerking at the covers. I raised up to rebuke my would-be assailant and beheld Beth, with white face and staring eyes, searching wildly through the covers. She was apparently frightened into speechlessness, for to my anxious inquiries she made no reply, but seizing a shoe, which was too small for her foot, gave it an impatient fling and landed it with a thump on the peacefully sleeping Jack. This rude good morning called forth the sleepy drawl, "What's the matter, Beth?"

Just then I heard father calling excitedly, from the direction of the barn, for help, and so answered Jack's inquiry.

Beth, having at last procured her own shoes, ran shrieking toward the barn, her hair, braided in veritable pig tails, wildly waving about, and her long white night robe trailing along on the dewy grass. As she dashed from the tent Jack called after her, "Take the hatchet, Beth," and, with a single sigh of relief, was off to sleep.

I rushed for the scene of action, and as I rounded the corner of the wood shed, the terrified cackling of the chickens told me that the trouble was in the hen house. My sense of smell informed me that the cause of the disturbance was neither cougar, wild cat, tom cat nor pussy cat, but a very much disturbed pole cat.

Our hen house is composed of two rooms, the bed room in which the chickens roost and the sitting room in which they set. Each room has an outside door and there is an archway between the two rooms. Approaching the door, which was open, I could dimly see Beth just inside, holding her nose with one hand and with the other searching about on the ground for a rock, which father, trying to make himself heard above the uproar, was telling her to throw at the pole cat.

I found a rock and rushed to the door. In a corner stood father with a broad board pressed viciously down on the polecat, which, to judge from the perfume, was squirming and wriggling about in pain and anger. Beth, who was very tender hearted, spoke up pleadingly, "Let the poor little thing go."

"Poor little thing nothing!" yelled father, his voice hoarse with rage. "If you were in my position you'd think 'poor little thing.' Do you think I want all my chickens killed? Throw a rock at it, can't you?"

At that I flung my rock at the polecat. But, with my usual luck, instead of the rock reaching its destination, it fell

*A cash prize of \$5.00 was offered by the Business Manager to the person writing the best story of not more than twelve hundred words. As a result, four stories were written and the prize awarded to Miss Edythe Henry of the Third Year Class, whose story begins on this page. Mr. Philip Davidson of the Junior Class received honorable mention and his story is printed on another page.—Editors.

short and struck poor, long-suffering father on the foot. He gave a yell of pain, but not for a minute did he loosen his clutch on the board. The only consolation he had was to press down harder on the skunk.

I rushed outside where I could laugh without hurting father's feelings, and could inhale once more pure air.

By this time my big brother Bill had become aroused by the extraordinary commotion, and came jumping across the lawn, clad in his pajamas, his gun in his hand, a pair of carpet slippers, several sizes too large, flapping on his feet and threatening to fly off at every leap. He came up to the door and told father to let drop the board and get out of the way so that he might shoot the skunk. But father was so afraid that Billy wouldn't hit the captive and that it would escape, that he would not listen, but bade my brother get a board or the ax and kill the thing.

Returning with the ax, Billy thoughtlessly took the shortest way and rushed through the room where the chickens were. The terrified fowls, thinking this must be an attack of the enemy from the rear, flew, pell mell, into the front room, where Beth madly waved her arms about and shrieked, "Shew! Shew!" thus increasing the confusion. Poor father, I think, in those few minutes lost all the fatherly pride he had in us, and was thoroughly disgusted with us all. From the groans which he gave, I imagine he was getting the worst of it all around until the outraged chickens flew into the apple trees, where they continued loudly to voice their indignation.

At last by means of much advancing and retreating, to avoid too close contact with the obnoxious animal, and by means of a liberal supply of blows, of which father received his share, Mr. Polecat's troubles were at last ended.

By this time it was quite light. Beth and I entered to view the remains and, as father turned toward us, he made a ridiculous picture. Down one side of his face was a long bloody streak, inflicted by a passing hen, and the end of his nose was covered with dust. Nevertheless, with an air of "veni, vidi, vici" ("I came, I saw, I conquered"), he turned to pick up the mangled remains which were jammed against the wall near a hole. Imagine the consternation and chagrin which passed over his countenance when to his amazement both the hind legs of Mr. Polecat were found to be caught firmly in the jaws of a strong steel trap.

EDYTHE HENRY



How Tony Saved the Day.

IT was only three days before the big Thanksgiving game between the Normal and Washtucna. The game meant a great deal to us; if we won we were the champions of our part of the State, an honor Washtucna had held for several years. Our team was exceptionally strong, and we were confident of winning until the faculty informed us that Macdonald, our star tackle, was behind in his studies. This meant that he could not play in the big game, as they had decided that to be a good teacher one must know something besides football, and that, after all, pedagogy, history, and biology "helped some." That evening we went up to Coach Smith's house and told him the sad news. "I am afraid that we are up against it, boys," he said, "we need a big man to take Mack's place, and we haven't a sub left that is worth a whoop." "Why not get Romeo Brown?" asked Hubbard. "He is over six feet and as strong as an elephant." "What, that big stiff!" said the Coach, "well he might do if he will play." "Might as well try to get Prof. Jones to play," wailed little Tony Lumpkins. "We have been after him time and time again, and he positively refuses to have anything to do with football." "Is there anybody —?" Just then the fire bell rang, and football for the time being was forgotten.

The fire proved to be in the basement under the girls' dormitory. It had not yet reached the upper stories, by the time we got there, and was soon put out. As the damage was slight, the whole incident would have been of small importance to us, if it hadn't been for Juliet. When the excitement was at its height, and some of the girls were weeping, others shouting for help, and the braver trying to save their belongings, Romeo (a real hero) got busy and began to pack up for Juliet. She, coming to her senses rather suddenly, and finding her property being hastily stowed away by the manly hands of Romeo, rushed up to him and throwing her arms around his neck sobbed, "OH! ROMEO! SAVE ME! SAVE ME!" This was too much for little Tony, who was taking in the sights, and he shouted, "YES, ROMEO, SAVE HER!"

Romeo blushed from ear to ear and tried to make his escape, but Juliet still clung to him. Finally he managed to disentangle himself sufficiently to beg Tony not to report the scene he had just witnessed. "I'll give you anything I own, do anything for you, Tony, if you will only keep mum," said Romeo. Tony studied a moment, then his face brightened and he said, "Oh, Romeo, but this is rich! Wait till the fellows find it out, you will never hear the last of it." That made Romeo furious, and he made a grab for Tony, but the youngster was too quick for him. Things were now going Tony's way, and when he thought that he had Romeo sufficiently enraged, he cautiously put out his bait. "If you will promise to play football with us Thanksgiving, I'll promise to keep mum." "B-u-t," muttered Romeo through his teeth. "No buts about it," said Tony. "Will you play?" "Y-e-s-s." "Then shake." Romeo hesitated a moment, then held out his hand and mumbled something about Tony's having him cornered. But he took the bait. Oh, yes, he swallowed it whole.

To say we were surprised when Romeo told us that he was going to try for the team, would be putting it mildly. Coach Smith put him through a course of football stunts during the two days before the game, and if he remembered a fifth part of what Smith was trying to drive into his head he was a wonder.

Thanksgiving morning came with the sun behind the clouds, and two inches of snow on the field. But by two o'clock the gridiron was encircled by a throng of loyal rooters.

The game started with the usual amount of rooting on each side, and had not been on five minutes before we saw that

it was going to be a fight to the bitter end. Washtucna was fearfully strong in the back field, and it was evident from the beginning that our line had gone to pieces. The team missed Mack, and Romeo was not filling his place. "Look at him," muttered the captain from the side line, "runs like a cow! Lets his ——— What! well done, Romeo!!" Romeo had his Irish up, and was playing like a veteran when time was called. The first half was over. Neither side had scored, though it was evident that Washtucna had the best of it.

In the second half we kicked off to them, and they ran the ball back twenty yards before being downed. Five times in succession they made their yardage, amid a pandemonium of yells from their supporters. Finally we got the ball, only to lose it again. Washtucna was slowly but surely advancing towards our goal, when their quarters fumbled and lost the ball.

"Now fellows," said Captain Williams, "get in the game and wipe 'em off the earth!" We did, and we had them going. Could we keep it up? We were setting a terrific pace. "They're tiring! They're tiring!" shouted the Washtucna rooters. "Their gains are almost nothing now! They can't score! They can't! They can't!" It was true we were tiring, and we were held for downs on the five-yard line. Time was almost up. Would we have time to score? Well, we could try. Washtucna's quarter signaled for a punt. Romeo broke through the line and blocked the kick. The ball rolled behind the goal posts. A Washtucna player fell on it like a flash. It was too late. Before he could rise and throw himself back on the gridiron, Romeo was on him crushing him back to earth. That was a safety. It meant two points for us. Romeo had saved the day. He was a hero.

Alas for Romeo and his new won glory, and alas for any glory that rests upon the probability of a girl keeping a secret. Murder will out, and that very night, at the dormitory dance which the girls gave in honor of the victory, the whole affair leaked out. One of the girls had also been a spectator of the little fire episode in which Romeo and Juliet had figured. She thought it was too good to keep and, getting some of us fellows into a corner, told us about the whole affair, not omitting Tony's important part in it. Not till then did we know that it was really Tony who saved the day for us.

Poor Romeo hasn't heard the last of it yet. Some fellow with rare poetical ability composed the following parody commemorating the occasion, which we sing to the tune of Tammany:

Ju-li-et, Ju-li-et,
Come and lean on my strong arm,
I will shield you from all harm,
Ju-li-et, Ju-li-et,
Fire! Fire!
Hold me higher,
Ju-li-et, Ju-li-et!

Every time we sing this little song, we think of Tony and how he saved the day for us.

PHILIP DAVIDSON

Concerning Alaskan Localisms.

Answer any five.

1. What is a "skip-jack?"
2. Define "grubstake," "rocker," "cache," "placer," "tundra."
3. (a) For what are "creepers" used? Define briefly.
(b) What are "muk-luks"?
4. Illustrate meaning of the verb "to mush." How would you "hit the trail"?
5. Explain fully the difference between a "chechako" and a "sour-dough."
6. Give meaning of the terms "drift," "ledge," "cross-cut," "footwall," and "sample."

SUPPOSING that you were required to answer the foregoing questions, which are chosen at random from a host of possibilities, what percentage do you think you would make? They would be considered quite simple by the average Alaskan twelve-year-old, with the possible exception of the last question, which contains some typical mining terms. And these, although constantly used in Alaska, and therefore quite indispensable to a complete Alaskan vocabulary, would be equally characteristic of any other region where quartz mining is carried on.

Localisms are always interesting, since through them we get little birds-eye glimpses, or snap-shots, of the geography, climate, industries, and social conditions of a locality. "Thy speech doth bewray thee" applies no less to localities than to individuals.

Alaska and things Alaskan are beginning to occupy a very prominent place in the public eye. After a long Rip Van Winkle sleep of obscurity and misunderstanding, the country is waking to a day of well-deserved appreciation and development. Yet it is not surprising that wrong ideas and wild notions of Alaska have so long existed, for the country is not only immense, but heterogeneous. The one term "Alaska" covers an expanse measuring 2,000 miles from extreme north to extreme south, 1,800 miles from east to west, and containing several distinct and widely differing regions—the Yukon or "interior" country; the Nome district; the "Westward" country; and lastly, the panhandle portion, or Southeastern Alaska. Each of these regions has its own special characteristics and its own localisms. And while there are many of these latter which, like the steamboat joke, are "good all over Alaska," one can readily see that a detailed treatment of the subject would be a lengthy and pretentious affair, quite beyond the scope of this little "chechako" sketch—the dizziest hope of which is to afford the reader an opportunity of adding a new word or two to his vocabulary, and, incidentally, perhaps, to smuggle along with them a germ of interest in the fascinating, but "wonderfully misunderstood" Alaska. A goodly number, though by no means all, of the current Alaska localisms, are of Indian origin. Such is the word "muk-luk," which means a sort of overshoe or boot, resembling a moccasin with a high top, and made of tanned deer hide, moose skin, or more commonly, of the fur of the hair seal. Being waterproof and at the same time pliable it is commonly used for "mushing" over the trail, in preference to other kinds of footgear. The "parka" is an outer garment of fur or heavy cloth—a little like a coat, with or without a hood, and elaborate or simple according to the fancy of the owner. These, with fur mittens, snowshoes and a dog team usually figure in the equipment of the winter traveler in the far north. Be it understood, however, that this

is by no means the common mode of dress in Alaska. Alaskans dress precisely like other people. It is only in the extreme north and in extreme weather that furs are donned, and this garb is considered as much of a curiosity in other parts of Alaska as in the "States"—which, by the way, is an Alaskan localism meaning that part of the United States not included in Alaska.

The word "husky" means an Indian dog, as does also "malamute." The latter term hails from Eskimo-land, and more strictly speaking, the words refer to the strong, wolf-like Eskimo sled dogs.

"Chechako" is an Indian expression meaning a new-comer—a "tenderfoot," to use a common western localism. The Alaskan opposite for "chechako" is "sour-dough," an elegant phrase borrowed from early days in California, and meaning old-timer. It refers to the popular and ingenious method of "raising" bread by using a portion of sour dough instead of yeast, practiced by prospectors and others long removed from civilization's helpful hand.

The evolution from "chechako" to "sourdough" is a gradual process, of variable length—and many and amusing are the distinctions drawn between the two classes in different localities. Here in Southeastern Alaska, where steamers and mail steamers especially are "events," in the largest sense of the word, they say that one has reached the "sourdough" stage when he knows all the steamer whistles, but never knows when they are due—thus implying that the "sourdough" has lived in the country so long and become so thoroughly amalgamated that his ties and interests elsewhere have gradually vanished. The "chechako," on the other hand, always knows when a steamer is due—though the various whistles are as Greek to him—and can always be detected by the feverish eagerness with which he awaits his mail—and also, as a rule, by the quantity of it, this latter being in an inverse ratio to the length of his stay.

"Cache" and "mush" are transplanted French terms—"cache" being in fact, a pure French word meaning a hiding place. So in the interior and other parts of Alaska, "caches"—little log huts or cabins safely perched up on stilts—are often built for the storing of surplus food or supplies during an owner's absence. "Mush" is corrupted from the French imperative form "marchez," meaning "march." This expression is a great deal used throughout Alaska, broadly signifying "to travel." In managing dog teams, it is the signal for the start. It is related that in the restaurants at Nome, when a customer is asked what he wishes for breakfast, and replies loudly "mush," all the dogs of the place get up and walk out. We cannot personally vouch for this, nor does our experience allow us to deny it. "Mush" sometimes means merely to walk. At Nome they go for a "mush over the tundra" where we would go for a stroll or for a constitutional, as the case might be. A "musher" is, of course, one who "mushes." The "tundra" is a flat, treeless waste frequently met with in extreme northern latitudes. To "hit the trail" means up here "north of 53," to start, set out, or travel.

"Placer" is by no means an exclusively Alaskan term, but it is typical of Alaska, nevertheless, since it was her rich gold deposits that first drew attention to the country. Placer mining and quartz mining are the two methods of mining gold, employed according to the nature of the deposit. In the former, the gold-bearing rock has been decomposed and the particles washed down or deposited in "pay streaks," the loose dirt being separated by such simple means as "washing" or "sluicing." In the latter, the gold is contained in veins or ledges of quartz, and the rock must be crushed in order to obtain it.

A "rocker," or "cradle," is just what the name implies, a boxlike contrivance on rockers, sometimes used for washing gold, but now considered rather antiquated on account of its slowness.

To "grubstake" means to furnish a prospector with the needful supplies while he is locating a claim. In cases of

this sort, the grubstake law provides that the locator shall own half of the claim, while the remaining half is divided pro rata among the grubstakers.

The "skip-jack" and "creepers" are essentially Alaskan. The "creeper" is worn not—as one might reasonably suppose from the name—on the knees, but on the shoes. It consists of a flat metal plate, sole-shaped, provided on the lower surface with several spiky points, also with straps so that it can be adjusted over the shoe, and is invaluable for navigating on slippery sidewalks during a "cold snap."

The "skip-jack" belongs in the class with sleds, skates and skees. It is simply a strong, well curved barrel stave, provided at convenient height with a seat by nailing a flat crosspiece to an upright, which is fastened solidly to the concave surface of the stave. On this, young Alaska seats himself and goes merrily skimming down a snowy hillside, or the slippery bed of a frozen water course. A long line of children coasting on skip-jacks is one of the many odd, interesting sights with which Alaska seems so prodigal.

In the building of plots, the weaving of tales, we are told always to leave something to the imagination of the reader. Surely a similar rule may be applied in "coaching" for examinations. May we not leave something to the interest and diligence of the student? Then we shall leave you question six, which a very short excursion to a geology or an encyclopedia will answer for you. Better still, treat yourself to a real excursion which is becoming very popular with tourists nowadays,—a summer visit to Alaska. If on the way you can take in the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Fair, which is to be held in Seattle in 1909, so much the better. But do not stop there, for that would be like going to France to see Switzerland. Seattle is only Seattle, but Alaska—is Alaska. Someone—it sounds like Joaquin Miller, and he has been here and ought to know—has said:

"The Yosemite valley is beautiful,
The Yellowstone Park is wonderful,
The Canyon of the Colorado is colossal,
But Alaska is all of these."

At any rate, it is a land worth knowing, and a personal introduction, not only to Alaska localisms but to Alaskan scenery, Alaskan life, and Alaskan possibilities will be not only more accurate, but infinitely more interesting than a mere bowing acquaintance obtained by proxy.

ALICE HENSON CHRISTOE
Class of 1900

From Old Friends.

IT is always a pleasure to hear from old friends. It does not necessarily follow, however, that when letters cease to come from people, they are no longer friends. Especially is this true of people who are leading very busy lives, whose days are full of duty either in teaching, studying, or in some other occupation. We are very glad to print in our book this year a message from, or concerning, four very busy people—four people who are nevertheless good friends of this school and of all her students.

Miss Antoinette V. Bruce, former teacher of music in the Ellensburg State Normal School, has been in operatic work for the last three years in Europe. She made her first appearance in Bruges just a year ago, in four scenes from different operas, and was well received. Her maestro in Milano, however, advised Miss Bruce to study an-



other year, which she did. Now he says "her voice is for the big mezzo-soprano parts in the great operas, that he will get an engagement for her not as a debutante but as an artist." Miss Bruce sings in German, French and Italian now with scarcely any foreign accent. We heartily rejoice with Miss Bruce in her wonderful success.

The "Outlook" even with its overcoat buttoned wrong side before is much more imposing as an annual than it was as a monthly paper. I was much interested in the copy I received last year, and am glad to greet the students of the Normal, old and new, through its pages this year.

To say that I have enjoyed my two years here would be expressing it mildly. The different nature of the work, the change in surroundings, and above all the contact with the men at Harvard has been very pleasant. At the same time I have felt somewhat as if I were away from home, and have looked forward with pleasure to next fall, when I expect to return and take up my work with you again.

E. J. SAUNDERS

To My Old Friends of the W. S. N. S.:

From amongst Dewy-McMurray Theories, in the depths of controversies with Baldwin, Sully and the rest, I look up from writing theses to greet my old friends of the W. S. N. S. Even events of Columbia University take small place in my heart, compared with the many pleasant memories that I shall ever hold of my faithful student friends at Ellensburg. Although absorbed in study I frequently pause for some social event, theatre, opera, for such rare treats as the wonderful Parsifal, Sembrich, or Melba. Then, I wish you were all with me. From this great metropolis I send you best wishes for success and for that of your inspiring Alma Mater.

MARY A. PROUDFOOT

Dear W. S. N. S. Friends:

I am glad of the opportunity, through the pages of the *Kooltuo*, of sending greetings to the students and alumni of the W. S. N. S., and wishing them unbounded success in their school life and the more strenuous life which follows.

I am taking it for granted you will be interested in the Northwestern University, and will try to give you some idea of the school and my work here.

The University is scattered over considerable territory. The Medical, Dental, Law and Pharmaceutical departments are located in Chicago, and for all practical purposes are separate institutions. The College of Liberal Arts, School of Music and Department of Theology are at Evanston, a suburb of Chicago.

This suburb, a city of about twenty thousand, is situated twelve miles north of the business part of Chicago, and is connected by electric and steam cars. The city is probably one of the most cleanly and well kept cities in the country, with many beautiful homes and park-like grounds of Chicago's most wealthy men. There is a provision in the charter of the University making it unlawful to sell intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal purposes, within four miles of the school. Consequently there is very little roughness or carousing seen on the streets at any time of the day or night. It is needless to add that saloons have exhibited a remarkable growth at the four-mile limit.

The campus itself is a delightful spot bordering on Lake Michigan. Its stately oaks give a country aspect which is very restful. Nearly all of the buildings which are used by the College of Liberal Arts and Department of Theology are on the campus, with the exception of the Music Hall and three dormitories for young women. The athletic grounds are near the campus and are well equipped for all the College sports. The large grand stand has a seating capacity of ten thousand.

A very interesting feature in connection with the University is the U. S. Life Saving Station with headquarters in a small building on the shore of the lake. The station is manned by University students, and the equipment is similar to that found in the usual Life Saving Station. A man is in the tower keeping a sharp lookout for vessels in distress, and the beach is patrolled for a distance of two miles each way. Although there are comparatively few wrecks, a great many lives have been saved through the faithful work of the men.

An association composed of alumni and friends of the University successfully conducts a social settlement on the edge of the Polish quarter, and in the most densely populated district of Chicago. The object, like that of similar settlements, is the social, intellectual and moral improvement of the neglected city population. At the same time it furnishes an opportunity for a study of sociological problems, and for philanthropic work. The plan includes classes for instruction, clubs, lectures, concerts, a reading room, and legal and medical dispensaries.

My work in the University consists of Mineralogy, Assaying, and a new course in Metallurgy which has been inaugurated this semester. Next year I expect to give some work in Mining. I have been unusually busy this year because of

the pressing need for work on the mineral collection. There are between six and seven thousand specimens in the collection, and when I reached Evanston I found they had been moved to a different room during vacation. The chaos which reigned would be hard to imagine and it took some time to arrange the specimens in the exhibit cases and gather the study collection in the drawers ready for the use of the students. This, with the work of cataloguing and giving each mineral a permanent number and label has taken practically all of my spare hours. The work is nearly complete, and I am hoping soon to have the work in shape so I will be able to take more time for study and see some of the interesting things to be seen in a city the size of Chicago.

H. M. PARKS



SUNSET IN KITTITAS

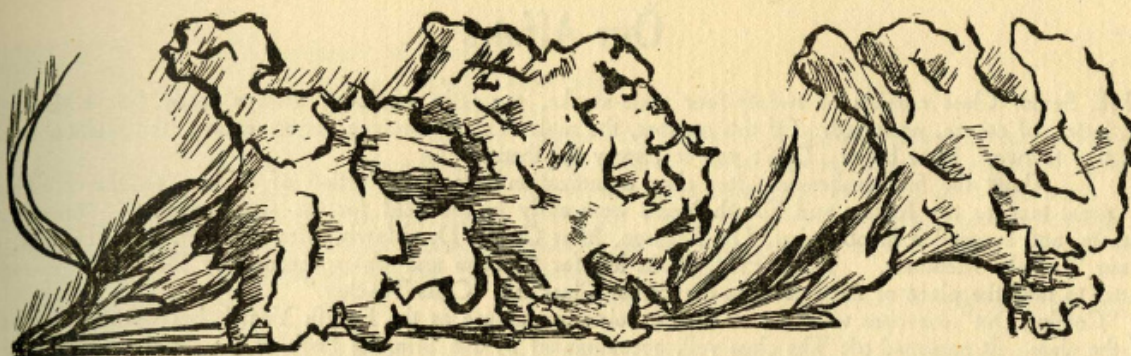
The sun is slowly sinking
In the far off, glowing west;
The birds and all of nature
Woo to quiet and to rest.

The distant Cascade mountains
Look toward the shining sea,
Casting back their evening shadows
O'er the foothills and the lea.

From across the quiet valley
The gentle breezes blow.
The sun has dropped below the hill-tops;
Leaving but the after-glow.

Peacefully the full moon rises,
Slowly climbs the mountain's height;
Winds breathe soft their gentle sighing;
Over all rules silent night.

L. A. T.



Senior Class

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	CHA'S W. GUIBOR
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELISABETH DRUMMOND
<i>Secretary</i>	JANE REID
<i>Treasurer</i>	ORVILLE GOSS
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	SARAH McDONALD

MOTTO: Ich Dien (I serve).

Colors: Purple and white

Flower: White carnation

Yell: Biff! Boom! Bang!
Racka! Chicka! Chang!
Checum! Chicum!
How do you like 'um!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Seniors!

Our Affairs

THE Senior Class consists of twenty-four wide-awake, energetic members, always ready for work or play—the latter, of course, preferred. Of this number, the male sex has become almost extinct, the relation being twenty-two to two. Poor boys! Don't you feel sorry for them?*

About the first excitement after class organization was the selection of "Class Teachers." This required great tact, as the Juniors and Fourth Years were early in the field for the same purpose. However, we were very fortunate, and succeeded in obtaining: Dr. Munson, Miss Grupe, Dr. Harris, Mrs. Warner, Miss Thomas, and Prof. Parks as our "Faculty Members." When Prof. Parks left for Chicago and was succeeded by Dr. Bevis, it was arranged for the latter to take the place of the former in the Senior Class as a "Class Teacher."

Our "Coming Out" exercises were not of such a boisterous nature as the Fourth Years', but were in keeping with the dignity of the class. It consisted of: The class yell, accompanied by the bringing forth of the "white lamb" and the "old cow bell," Senior heirlooms, the presentation of class colors, in the form of bouquets of purple and white asters, to each of the "Class Teachers," and an appropriate speech by our president.

One of the many good things done by us this year was the beautifying of the Senior Room, number seventeen. Having thoroughly cleaned the room early in the year, it was thought to be a good idea to purchase some suitable pictures which might be left as a memento of our class. Accordingly, a beautiful picture of the "Doge's Palace by Moonlight" was selected, and, after being framed, was hung on the east wall. A framed photograph of "Our Mascott, Baby Ruth," was also added to the collection of pictures in room seventeen.

*Gov. Mead didn't seem to feel very sorry for them.—Editors.

Twentieth Century Model School

The Twentieth Century Model School is to be opened at Pasco, Washington, betwixt heaven and earth, at dawn April 1, 1908. The purpose of this institution is mercenary and matrimonial, i. e., to right the evils now existing, to promote the national welfare, to prepare for a perfect life here on earth, and to get ready for a life of bliss on the yon side of the river Styx. None but the young and giddy need apply for a position in this school. Every applicant must send an original sketch of his physiognomy.

Address,

PROF. P. D. Q. MODERNNESS,
Pasco, Washington.

The following applicants have been favorably voted upon, owing to the unsurpassed qualications set forth in these extracts from their applications:



To the Board of Directors
Twentieth Century Model School
Pasco, Washington

Dear Sirs: Enclosed photo and this short sketch can give you but a faint idea of my true merit. Am a Bachelor. Not in love. Never was and never expect to be. Quiet, studious, intellectual-looking. Have had several years experience as Prof. of Husbandry. Have had charge of Parental Schools at Thrall, Thorp and other large cities, and have taught two years in W. S. N. S. Training School. Just the man for the place. Have M. A. (Master of Arbitration) and M. D. (Master of Discipline) degrees.

Yours for service, CHA'S W. GUIBOR, M. A., M. D.

My specialty is an Up-to-Date Scientific Treatment of the Individual Child. I have made Diagrams and Analyses of the Brains of all the existing species of Juvenile Mankind; and their Minds and Impulses are to me an Open Book. I am also conversant with all known Systems of Pedagogy, and am therefore perfectly qualified to teach the Management of all kinds of Schools, Principals, Superintendents, Directors, and Boards of Control.

Yours for the Overthrow of the Parent and the Elevation of the Child, the Downfall of Discipline and the Establishment of Pandemonium Now, Hereafter and Forever.

ELIZABETH M. DRUMMOND

Understanding that the population of Pasco is very portly and that there is a vacancy in the department of physical training, I think I am the one for the place, having made a specialty of anti-fat methods. My methods are natural and dignified. Before taking this method I weighed not less than 250 pounds. Now I have to stand twice to cast a shadow. It will be an unlimited benefit to your school to employ me.

SARAH A. McDONALD

Most noble and most honored Sir,
To this request give ear;
And let me enter in your school,
As a Cantatrice* this year.
For like the nightingale at night,
And like the lark by day,

I warble through all dreary hours
And turn night into day.
If thou are weary and depressed,
With merry songs I'll cheer thee,
But should's't thou wish for serenade
In a charivari† you'll hear me.

MAUDE LIDDELL

*Female professional singer

†Mock serenade of discordant music



My reputation as an artist is world renowned and you cannot afford to be without me. My talent has received the most careful instruction, and through my studies abroad I have gained popularity as a landscape painter. A critic once said of one of my productions, "that just missed being a work of art." Another time some one remarked, "I wouldn't give a straw for that house."

Obediently yours,

ENAJ I. DIER

Fancy steps and rhythmical motions of the body a specialty. I was the star performer in gymnasium calisthenics, drills, Faust waltz, Brownie polka, and minuets in the Thomas School of Poise and Atmosphere. After graduating from this school I went abroad and danced the native dances in the courts of the leading countries of Europe. I can insure good results to any one, whosoever, that is able to walk with the toes turned in.

JOANNA BISHOP, Dr. of Dancing

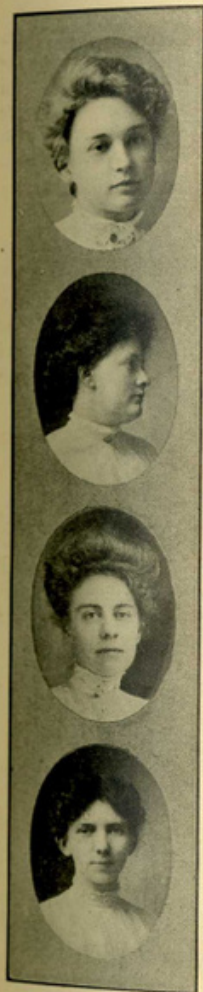
In applying for a position as instructor in geology I deem it wise to give you a brief description of myself. My hair is like that of Pelee. My mouth like the crater of Kalauea, while my language is like the lava flowing from it. My nose towers high in cold white sublimely like the crags of Mt. Stuart and my eyes have the brilliancy and tranquility of the mirror lakes of California. My disposition is as smooth and rippling as a torrent mountain stream, while my knowledge of geology is as broad and productive as the desert of Sahara.

Yours truly

MARGARET SLATER

I am a graduate of the Romantic School of Astronomy. Star gazing is my specialty and from my intense study of the inspiring constellations I have grown to be like them. My beauty, as you can see from my picture, is as that of Venus. I am as stately as Virgo, as fascinating as Saturn, my eyes sparkle like the gems in the Southern Cross. Of course, I prefer a class of one, and while giving my lesson I sit in the chair of Cassiopeia, and the soft sweet music played upon the golden harp strings of Lyra lends a great enchantment.

LORETTA SALLADAY



Hearing that you desire a thoroughly competent person at the head of your department of Domestic Science, I am confident that I am just the person you must have. For besides this Science being a gift bestowed upon me by Nature, I have spent years in attaining the highest degree of excellence, thinking naught of time and money. I have performed many dangerous and difficult experiments. The outcome of one of my wonderful experiments is a receipt for kisses for which I have been offered \$100,000 and I can make a light feathery egg omelet without burning it. I have a charming personality and a hopeful disposition. HOPE COY

To all whom it may concern:

I, the undersigned, have been spending many years in vigorous study and much research work on that exceedingly delightful and interesting subject, mathematics. At last I feel called upon to impart this superabundance (?) of knowledge to others. So, hearing that you are about to open the Twentieth Century Model School and need a Head of the Department of History of Mathematics, I am sure it is my duty to apply. Of course, references will be uncalled for when I tell you that I have attended the "Morgan School of Mathematics" for many years. If time, assiduous study, and repeated effort be the only requisites for this worthy office I am confident of fulfilling the necessary qualifications. EDITH B. TAYLOR

To those who contemplate Great Things:

Coleman's Canon, Jan. 32, 1908.

It gives me great pleasure to say that I will consider the position of Dictator of Fashions in your new ideal institution. I make a specialty of all fads and approve of a distinct and grotesque costume for each member of its faculty. It is my latest idea, after studying fads and faddists both here and at Muckilteo, that each individual should be so garbed as to be easily recognized at a mile's distance, this is the acme of jauntiness. For reception garb of gentlemen, for the coming season, I approve of light gray suits reaching to the boot tops, conventional white shirts generously decorated with black polka dots, red neckties and large rose sprays for buttoniere. Yours for dead swell style and conspicuity,

GERTRUDE CUNNINGHAM, F. D. (*Fashion Devotee*),
D. D. (*Director of Designs*)

I am glad to have you realize the all important position that sports play in the ideal school life. I know that I am thoroughly competent to take full and unlimited charge of that work in your school. I have had years of special training in parlor stunts and Indian war dances. I am a graduate of the Dreamland Roller Skating University and of the Wilcox School of Tennis. After graduating with the highest honors from the Grupe Equestrian School, I took a fellowship there, where I specialized in the art of leaping from flying steeds without injuring either rider or steed.

NORMA MACDONALD, R. S. D., E. D.



Having made special study of the value of concentrated foods, I apply for the position of Head of the Pure Food Laboratory. From tests I have made with "Malted Milk" (myself being the subject in every instance) I am led to believe that it is the coming food for persons of all ages. I believe that enough can be produced in the laboratory in one day to promote the health and digestion of one hundred pupils.

K. LANGRIDGE

P. S. "Malted Milk" will induce a heavy growth of hair.

Grow tall! Why be short?

I can increase the height of either sex from two to five inches. Scientists and physicians have been trying for years to find some method of increasing height, but have failed. As I wish to introduce my wonderful discovery, I offer my services as Assistant Physical Trainer for one year free of charge. My height is 63 inches.

BERTHA KETNER

I have a world wide reputation as skilled instructor of penmanship, having taught in all of the leading schools of the nation. I am prepared to teach any system of writing in any language. I guarantee to any student, regardless of inefficiency in this line of work, ability to write in a legible hand at the rate of one hundred and fifty words per minute, and perfect freedom in the use of all the latest flourishes of which I make a specialty. My signature alone furnishes sufficient evidence of my remarkable talent in my line of work.

Mary E. Williams

I understand that your most excellent school is in need of a competent instructor to occupy the chair of mathematics and for this reason send in my application. I have established a record in mathematics that is hard to compute, but I have accomplished that also. I make a specialty of the Dry Measure in arithmetic, 8 qts.—1 peck, 4 pecks—1 bushel, and explain it thus: I am a peck, my two brothers, my sisters and myself each being a peck, together make a bushel.

(Signed) MYRTLE E. PECK



Being a person of charming personality, distinguished for eloquence and magnetic power; one who is a bundle of nerves and excitable gray matter, and opens a whole battery of logic every time I open my mouth; having taken a special course in oratory under our famous teacher in reading, at the W. S. N. S., for richness of tone, elegant voice, and wonderful atmosphere—I feel myself a most worthy applicant to be the head of oratory in your New Model School.

Yours humbly,

EDITH RHODES

Took a special course at the world's famous Thomas Physical Culture College. My specialty is a method of increasing weight without harm to the student. For proof see me, for I am a living example of my profession. Before I entered the school I weighed two hundred and fifty, yet I am very quick and graceful in my movements.

Yours truly,

ADELIA CECILE TOMPKINS

For twenty years I have studied and lectured successfully on atmospheric conditions. The exposure of odoriferous and contaminated air is in my line, because of my specialized olfactory properties. I am especially fitted to prescribe the exact amount of carbon dioxide, nitrogen and oxygen each student ought to consume. If allowed, I will be glad to give you at any time a few demonstrations of my proficiency.

MYRTLE HAWKS

Desiring to teach a class in Horticulture, I took a special course in that subject in the Champion of England University, of South Dakota, under the direction of my cousin, Prof. Bean. First prize was given me at the State Fair last year for producing the tallest and largest peas ever known to grow, and I feel that I could with success teach the fundamental principles of Horticulture.

Yours respectfully,

EMMA BELL PEASE



Having graduated from the Munson Scientific School, I feel most efficiently prepared to take charge of the department of Piscatology in your school. The course includes a thorough training in that science, and especially treats of the habits, characteristics and home of the pike. Will give private lessons on the secret of how to catch a fine Pike. My method has been tried with great success.

ELLA F. PIKE

As head of the English department, I found my work so very engrossing that I tumbled to myself, and, for the last twenty years, deemed it wise to cut it out and limit my efforts to the special line of Prof. of Slang. I offer a star course, for I myself am a shining light. Doodles of my stunts can be mastered in a giffy for so steeped am I in my chosen art that my every word gushes with a living issue of slang. A real pert person can catch on to my peachy expressions in half a giffy, for only to feast one's optics on my phiz convinces one that I am a fully developed pedestrian of my art. I take pupils without discrimination, and supply scads of examples to those wishing to throw to the birds their seedy expressions and grow into a perfect example of this 20th century profession.

GRAYCE CROCKETTE

I'm bound to have a chair,
It doesn't matter where,
Just so sentimental poetry I may write.
And if you'd really care,
To hear what I can do,

I'll recite just a line or so for you.
"There was a young lady who said,
I'm really determined to wed,
I know I can do it, if I put my mind to it,
I'll just follow the advise I have read."

MELLICENT McNEIL, Ph. D.

For the Department of Biology:

My qualifications are unquestionable. I am noted far and wide for having successfully worked out the mysterious problem as to which came first, the hen or the egg. I have traced out the cerebro-spinal system of the paramecium. My disposition is peaceful and attractive, and in personal appearance I have often been mistaken for Julius Caesar. In summer I live with the frogs, mosquitoes and other animals. I am noted for the habit of "looking down" while walking on the street. This is not because I am always looking for "bugs," as some may suppose, but only an outward sign of my deep concentration of mind, which makes my work so successful. Trusting that you will carefully consider this application, I am

Yours respectfully, O. C. Goss, Ph. D., B. S.

An Important Meeting of the Senior Class

"Very important meeting of the Senior Class in the library tonight at 8 P. M. Every one urged to be present, as business of great importance will be transacted. Those who cannot attend let me know in person.

C. W. G., March 12, 1907."

THIS notice, which was passed to the members of the Senior Class on the morning of March 12, caused no little commotion. "What can it be for?" "Why is it so important?" "Now I wonder what is going to happen?" "Let's be sure and go." These were some of the questions heard concerning this all important meeting.

Now we know that all class meetings, especially of the Senior Class, are important, but this emphatic call caused no little curiosity on the part of some members. I say some members, because a few, commonly known as the "outsiders" or those not residing at the dormitory, knew the why and wherefore of this meeting.

Promptly (?) at eight o'clock the class gathered around one of the tables, looking with expectant and wondering eyes toward the president. The meeting, as is the custom, was called to order, though quite unnecessarily, as a more orderly class was never known. Business of importance was well under way, when one of the members asked to be excused—pleading hard work to be done at home, in fact, he said, he had made a great sacrifice to attend the meeting for a few moments—he was excused.

In the course of half an hour a knock was heard at the door, the door opened and behold! the excused boy who "had so much to do" entered heavily laden with goodies, and yelled out "Surprise! A happy birthday!" Important business was at once forgotten and the class rose and sang the little kindergarten song "Happy Birthday to You," for three of our noble Seniors had a birthday that day; their ages, did you say? well we don't know—suppose you ask them.

Three library tables were quickly spread, for we wanted the cocoa steaming hot and the devil and angel (food) were quite ready to fall as also were the rosy cheeked apples, but, say, wasn't that whipped creamcake just terribly good?

The three little girls who had birthdays were conducted to their respective places, and how their eyes danced, for at each plate they beheld "Just what I've been wanting for a long time!" One began at once to shake a real noisy rattle, another unselfishly said we could bounce her gaily colored ball; the third was laughing over her cute little knife, fork and spoon. By this time all were seated at the table, with appetites quite becoming a Senior class. All cares, trials and tribulations were for the time forgotten. Neat and pleasing little speeches were made by the birthday girls and by several others. The most surprising part, however, was when one member, after the president's speech, arose and modestly said, "I quite agree with my better half, so have no more to say." Confusion reigned while congratulations were at once in order. May they live long and peacefully. After the goodies were gone (Grace couldn't even find another crumb) the birthday girls were again congratulated, cheers were given and the class adjourned having finished their very important meeting.

(ONE OF THEM)



Valentine's Day

THE doings of the Senior class may be characterized by their unusualness and their uniqueness. They are present with their part whenever the opportunity offers. Listen! on a certain morning in the middle of February the Seniors assembled in their accustomed places trying to look as if nothing were going to happen; but, in spite of their efforts, each one looked like the little girl with her first secret "I know something but I won't tell." The exercises of the morning went on as usual until the time came for the roll-call, then Senior number one, without a moment's warning or a word of apology to the rest of the school popped up and began rattling off a little rhyming verse quite appropriate to the day. She was hastily followed by number two as though fearing to be cut off by the faculty, and then three came in with her drawling complaint:

"Teachee, teachee, all day teachee,
Night markee papers, nervee creepee,
No one kissee, no one hugee,
Poor old maidee, no one lovee."

So on down the line with such rich gems of poetry, such heart-rending, soul-undoing, and awe-inspiring words as would wilt a heart of flint or provoke a smile on the wooden visage of a Totem pole. A very touching appeal came from number seven, who rose skyly and thus made his plea:

"The ring is round,
And so is the shilling,
Whenever you're ready
I am willing."

More examples would only too deeply stir the emotions, yet the feeling of the Senior class expressed in the following gem must not be omitted. It was addressed to the English professor and presented with a bottle of red ink. It means—but, "*A word to the wise is sufficient.*"

"Every little heart, you see,
Has made a sacrifice for thee.
Believe it was no easy thing
To procure the offering I bring.
Look within this little bottle,
Drops of Senior blood are there;
Don't use it with extravagance
As though you didn't care."

Echoes from the Class Room

The school days we have held so dear
Are drawing to a close,
It seems to us they've been too short;
How swiftly old time goes!
Our separate ways we soon must take,
But we shall ne'er forget
Those pleasant times at Normal here;
Nor shall we e'er regret
The hours that we in classes spent
Though sometimes filled with fear.

In English class we studied hard
On dramas very Greek,
Of Aeschylus and Sophocles,
Euripides complete.
We never shall forget the time
We wrote on Form and Theme.
This may have been an easy task,
Yet howsoever it seem,
For many weeks those two small words
Haunted our every dream.

We learned about society,
In the very strangest way.
We found it was an organism
That grows from day to day.
How the women have developed
From homely things and plain,
To the airy little butterflies
Who drive the men insane,
Who empty out their pocket books,
And rule them with a cane.

In the study of expression
Indeed we've learned a heap.
We come before an audience
And give a talk complete.
The underclassmen sit and gaze,
And marvel when they hear—
"It is remarkable," they say,
"Could I but do it—dear!"
The secret to the whole thing is,
Simply our atmosphere.

In one class I do remember
How we read from time to time,
Of the great men that remind us
We can make our lives sublime.
O, yes we've read a host of them—
As much as forty-nine.
If we follow out their methods,
And don't forget a rule,
I'm certain that we all shall have
Success in teaching school.

We have had the opportunity,
If but a little time,
To rule for once by kindness
And test our tempers fine.
We each have had the privilege,
To be a shining light,
And help the little children
To do the thing that's right,
And impart to them good knowledge
Carefully prepared by night.

We took a sort of exercise,
Supposed to give us grace,
Also a wondrous beauty
To be seen in every face;
To make the old grow young again,
Their cheeks wear crimson hue.
I heard it noised about one day—
I wonder if it's true—
That we'd all look like real roses
Everlasting bloomers too.

We have pegged away a year at Art,
It seems for quite a while;
Yet we always do enjoy it—
Art, you know, is not a trial.
And all this time we have advanced
Along the different lines,
Such as crayon work or rafia
But especially outlines,
Which we have made with greatest care
Using energy and time.

Our history class we'll ne'er forget,
We found much pleasure there,
In discussing many questions,
In which each had a share.
How do we happen to have it?
What is it anyway?
Why study it, what causes it?
Give me the reasons, pray.
On just such history questions
We've talked from day to day.

But of all these welcome echoes
That come back to our ears,
The one that comes most forcibly
Is Congdon's Pitch Pipe, dears.
You cannot be without it once
Be sure that each one hears—
Be sure you know the way to use—
Now listen most intently;
You can't afford to miss these words
"Be sure to blow it gently."











Junior Class

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	FRANK X. KARRER
<i>Vice-President</i>	MINNIE B. BUZZELL
<i>Secretary</i>	ANNA WILSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	JENNIE S. ROCK

Flower: White Sweet Peas

Colors: Olive Green and White

Yell: Illius, Illias, he, hi, ho!
Juniors, Juniors;
Don't you know!
Illius, Illias, hic, haec, hoc!
We're the Juniors!
That's no joke!!

CLASS SONG

Tune: Wearing o' the Green

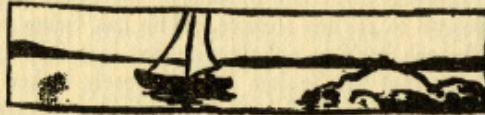
Three little leaves of richest green
United on one stem,
Were chosen by the Junior Class,
And form a magic gem.
One leaf is Truth, and Valor one,
The other one is Love.
The emblem of this grand old plant
Are virtues from above.

When the Washington State Normal School
Was opened in the Fall,
Love, Truth, and Valor wandered there
Obeying duty's call,
Each found its representatives,
And these together grew,
And formed a class of Juniors who
Are plucky, firm and true.

The Faculty, as Heaven's balm,
Sustained us as we grew,
And nurtured us in storm and calm
And led us safely through.
United like the Shamrock leaves
Are we as you have seen,
And loyal to our colors true,
The pure white and the green.

And when these colors we shall wear,
Though we be far or near,
Let them remind us of the class
That is to us so dear;
Though after many years shall pass
In different climes we're seen,
We'll still be loyal to our class
And the wearing o' the green.

H. T.



CLASS POEM

Oh, ye Juniors strong and mighty,
Oh, ye class of greatest fame,
How you've climbed the grand old ladder,
How you've conquered every flame!
As you pass from class to class room
And your fellow students meet,
All agree with one accord
These Juniors can't be beat.

Oh, ye teachers of the Juniors,
Oh, ye wisest of the land,
How you've always helped us onward,
How you've stretched a helping hand!
As you wear our noble colors,
As you don our green and white,
You proclaim to all the nations,
These Juniors are all right.

Oh, ye deeds of all these Juniors,
Oh, ye daring escapades.
How you humbled the great Seniors,
How their hat scheme you unlaidd!
Even so you beat the Fourth Years
At their coming out you know,
With your banner signifying
The Juniors are not slow.

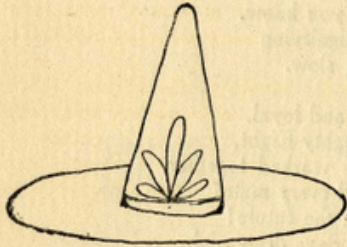
Oh, ye Juniors true and loyal,
Oh, ye class of Naughty Eight,
How you've always worked together,
How you've honored every mate!
As in the past so in the future!
When these parting days draw nigh,
Some we think we'll meet as Seniors,
To the others 'tis good-bye.

How Do the Juniors Find Out So Many Things

ONE of the most pathetic incidents in the Senior Class this year was the delayed shipment in their spring millinery. It was especially sad as it recalled past memories of their Junior year when they were forced to substitute dunce caps because of a delay in the arrival of their class caps. It seems a pity that our modern railroads could not have foreseen the necessity of covering the heads of these students and have hurried matters by putting on a special baggage car. However, they did not lack sympathy, for the Juniors, after considering the matter very thoroughly, decided it would be a wise thing to break the news to the school and explain the situation.

It seems that a sample hat, a beautiful Panama straw (?) trimmed with tin-(sell), was kept locked in the dark closet off the Physical Laboratory. Orders were taken in this room by one of the Senior teachers, but for some reason or other the Juniors and the other students were not allowed to see the sample. This hat, being used to the warm sunlight of Mexico, grew tired of its close confinement, and politely betook itself to a lighter region, possibly by means of the keyhole. It was quite accidentally seen by some Juniors. Realizing that the Seniors had purposely locked this treasure in, these Juniors carried the hat back to its pasteboard box, but not until a picture had been taken. This picture shortly appeared in the Assembly along side of Millet's "Angelus." It immediately attracted the attention of the Seniors and their class teachers, especially one eminent doctor, who mistook it for some new specimen of the Vorticellae (?). His mind was quickly disabused of this illusion as he discovered in the picture the fatal likeness to that comfortable haystack with which he had hoped to protect his head from the rays of the summer sun.

The Juniors, knowing that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," alleviated the evident pain and embarrassment of the Seniors, by explaining the whole matter in a sympathetic ditty, the stanzas of which follow:



The Seniors did go just two days ago
Down to a dark closet where Dr. B. sat,
They jostled and vied as each, side by side,
Tried to look at that old straw hat.

You think we're so slow, if you'd like to know
Just how we discovered your secret so flat,
You'll have to squint more, than you did before,
When you looked at that old straw hat.

Class Prophecy

IT was a cold, gloomy day in the year 1927, and I sat shivering in spite of the cheerful fire. Suddenly there appeared beside me on the hearth the funniest old woman I ever saw. She sat down and drew from the folds of her shawl a book, then another and another, until she held in her hands nine volumes. Then turning to me she said in a hollow voice, "Behold here, nine volumes which are of great interest to you. I will sell the whole number for so much," and she named an extravagant sum. I refused to take the books, and she disappeared as mysteriously as she had come. I had almost forgotten the occurrence, when several months later the same old woman came again. This time she had only six volumes; she had burned three. But she still asked the sum she had first named. Again, I refused and she left. Imagine my surprise, when, several months later, the old woman again appeared at my side. Only three volumes were left; three of the six having been burned and yet the price was still the same. I was overcome with curiosity and bought the remaining three. With eager fingers I opened a volume. The contents seemed to be but a copy of the personals from a daily newspaper, and I was about to close the book in disgust when a familiar name caught my eye.

"Mr. Frank Karrer, the noted Doctor of Metaphysics, has retired to the mountains of Colorado to study the action of the mind apart from human environment." Could it be possible that this same noted Doctor was once president of our Junior Class!

"The great sugar plantation in the Hawaiian Islands, which has been run so successfully for several years by five wonderful young ladies—the Misses Alma Ball, Leila Herr, Anna Plummer, Anna Wilson and Harriet Terry—is to be sold, owing to the marriage of each of the young ladies to Hawaiians of note.

Miss Minnie Buzzell, the noted society queen, is now in England. Her marriage to the Duke of Stanford has not yet been announced but it is undoubtedly to take place.

Miss Winifred Perry, who has been for many years the president of one of the largest eastern colleges, is making an extended tour through Europe.

Miss Emma Currier is our next nominee for president of the United States and will be elected."

I read on. "Miss Ethelyn Clark, after many years of study at home and abroad under the finest masters of music, has given up her vocation to become the wife of a Methodist minister. Her wonderful voice is a great addition to her husband's choir.

Three of the ablest stump speakers of today on the question of 'Woman's Rights' are the Misses Bertha Eidson, Alice Guthrie and Nanna Fleming." I was surprised and delighted; with almost feverish haste I seized another volume and read.

"The Junior class of '07 has made an improvement on the old educational system. They have four 'R's' instead of three. One of these, Miss Jennie Rock, is teaching reading in a Kentucky University. The Misses Bessie Rogers and Bessie Richardson are spending their time teaching the art of writing and arithmetic, while the fourth 'R', Miss Othelia Rosing, is ransacking the world in search of the 'lost dimension'.

Mr. William Chapman, the able speaker on the question of 'Labor Unions,' is having his voice treated by the eminent Philadelphia Doctor, Grover Spurling.

Miss Nancy Horrocks has resigned the Presidency of Oxford College and is to be married to Admiral 'D' of Seattle, Washington.

Mr. Philip Davidson is a lawyer of wonderful force and power and his magnanimity is shown in the fact that he is

willing to lay aside all the old time animosity between Juniors and Seniors and listen to the pleadings of his heart.

Miss Carrie Johnson and Miss Margaret Sharkey, in proof of their convictions that people should live close to Nature, have established a large chicken farm on the eastern coast of New Zealand.

The Misses May Arntson, Dora Fatland and Armeta Gilkinson have founded an 'industrial community' on domestic economics in Southern Texas—the reason for so few unmarried Texas cowboys.

Miss Iva Wheeler, the famous advocate who has done so much for the spread of the Esperanto or Universal Language, is giving a course of lectures at Harvard.

Miss May Brennan has given up home and loved ones to become a missionary to the Chinese.

Miss Shipler has gained world-wide fame as an impersonator of 'Mark Twain's' novels, especially 'Tom Sawyer'."

Was that all? No, I must look into the other volume. "Mr. Stanley Wilson has recently accepted the care of one of the largest churches in Boston. Mr. Wilson is an eloquent preacher and a man of pleasing personality.

Miss Nellie Carr, whom children all love for her charming stories, has finished a book which promises to be the most fascinating and interesting of all that she has written.

The Red Cross Society has been fortunate in adding to its list of members two bright and capable young ladies, Leona Burwell and Nellie Burke.

Mrs. Abraham Kruppenheimer (nee Miss Anna Harland) has given a large portion of her vast fortune for the founding of a Soldiers' Home near Ellensburg, Washington.

Miss Gertrude Morkin has become the social secretary of Mrs. Van Gesen, of New York City. She is to be married soon to Colonel 'D.' of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania."

Reverently I closed the books. The form of the writing was indeed like personal items copied from the chronicles of the daily press, but the names were those of the members of the Junior Class of the Washington State Normal School; and the facts—were they prophecies of the future? I knew them neither past nor present. Could I doubt that they were indeed sibylline prophecies?

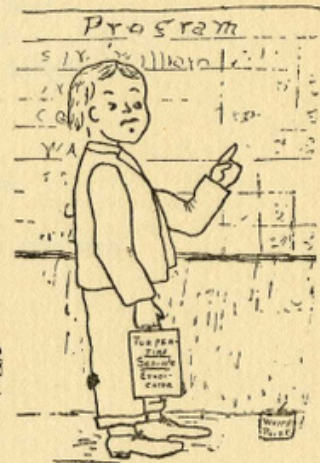
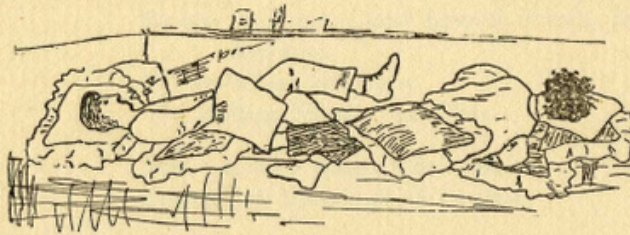
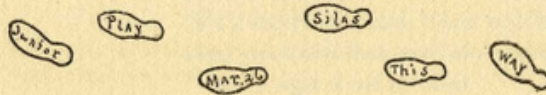
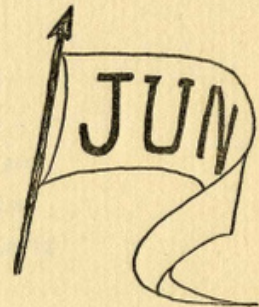
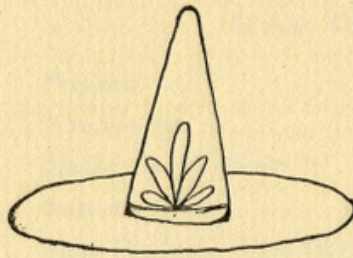
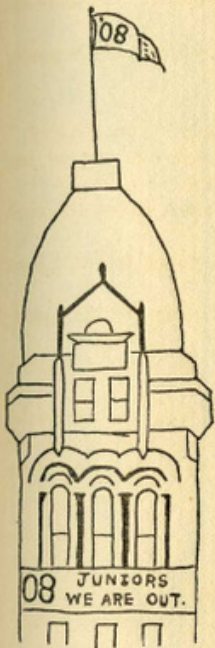
DEM SHUNIORS

Oh, dem Shunior! Oh, dem Shunior!
Dey vas such a nice pig class,
And dey luke so pright und happy
You don't vonder dat dey pass.
Ven Miss Vilcox she say numper,
Do you tink dat vise class slumper?
No! shust like von flash of powder
Every shunior pops up louder,
Sort o' system like in order,
Vot hish 'sently numper ish.
Tirty-five dat ish der numper,
If I tink I do not plunter,
Vot does constitute dat class.

Four of dem are nice, pig laddies
All de rest are little lass.
Ven dey tink dey cume upe early
For some reasons off der own,
Soon dey hear some prying foot-prints,
But der bishness ish not known.
Den von day, shust like an army
Vot doesh march straight to der point,
Dey did vare de shunior badges
Round about der elbow shoint.
Ven dat class do leafe dis school house
To begin der work of life
I shust know dat Uncle Sammy
Vill see glory in der strife.

N. B.

Junior Reminiscences





Fourth Year Class

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	ALICE HENRY
<i>Vice-President</i>	RENA GILKEY
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	GRACE MORGAN
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	LEE McMANUS
<i>Class Teachers</i> .	MISS HOFFMAN and MISS SABELWITZ

Colors: Silver Gray and Crimson

Flower: Red Carnation

CLASS SONG

Do you see us, we're the brilliant Fourth Year Class!
Do you hear us, we're the class you can't surpass!
We'll leave the Third Years and the Juniors far behind,
And you know that good old maxim
"Out of sight is out of mind."

We were on the field early in the game, you know,
To select the cream of the Faculty Row;
So now we'll say a fond farewell, friends, for some time
does pass,
But you'll hear more of us
The Brilliant Fourth Year Class.

Rah, rah, rah! Good, better, best!
Fourth Year Class leads all the rest!



FOURTH YEAR CLASS

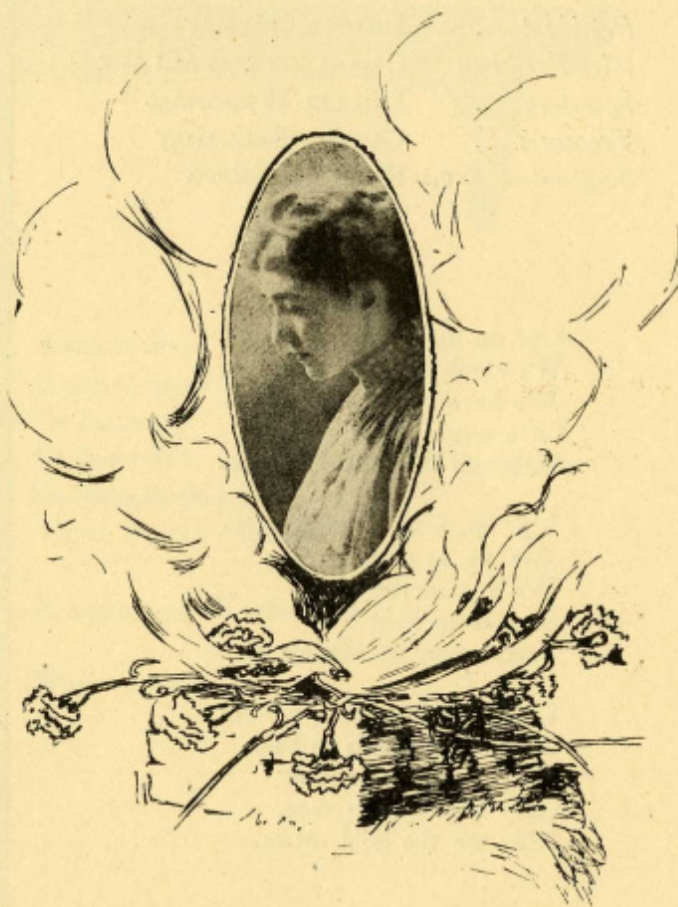
CLASS POEM

Should you ask us what our tribe is,
Where we came from,
What our aim is,
I should answer, I should tell you:
Not from out the lakes of Northland,
Or the land of the Ojibways,
Or the land of the Dacotahs,
We have come from the Yakimas,
From the Kittitas fair valley,
From the land of the great monarch,
From the small towns, and the great towns,
From the vales of Walla Walla.
We are here to learn our lessons,—
Not in fishing, hunting, playing,
But by struggle and by labor
To become as mighty warriors
In a world of chiefs and lawyers.
We are dwelling in the Midland
Of the noble house of Normals;
Next to us and toward the eastward
Are the subdued tribe of Juniors;
To the westward are the Third Years.
With these tribes we've fought in battle;
Deadly foes they were to us once;
But we've smoked with them the peace-pipe.
Once we sought to overthrow them—
Noble Juniors to the eastward
And the Third Years to the westward;
And the Junior chieftain Karrer
And the Third Year chieftain Baker
Called their tribes of men together,

Called the warriors to their council.
Down the halls and up the stairways
Came their chiefs and came their warriors,
And we met in brilliant war-gear
In the corridors and hallways,
Wildly glaring at each other.
"We will slay those haughty Juniors
And likewise those foes the Third Years
And the other mischief makers!"
This in anger came from Fourth Years.
Fearing neither death nor danger,
Battled we with vim and spirit;
With our weapons we subdued them,
Forced them back in easy triumph.
Two of ours with nerve undaunted
Snatched our grey and crimson colors
From the rude grasp of our foemen,
Off we bore our streaming banner,
Up above we took our colors
To unfold them on the flag-staff.
Then at this the conflict ended,
We as warriors quit the war-path,
To agree with one another,
To, as brothers, live together.
So we burned all our weapons,
Washed the war paint from our faces;
In the smoke that curled around us
Vanished all our thirst for vengeance,
All our wrangling and dissensions
In the smoke wreaths of the peace-pipe.



Third Year Class



This is our beloved Miss Beals,
The embodiment of our ideals;
To whom we always appeal
In every trying ordeal.



CLASS OFFICERS

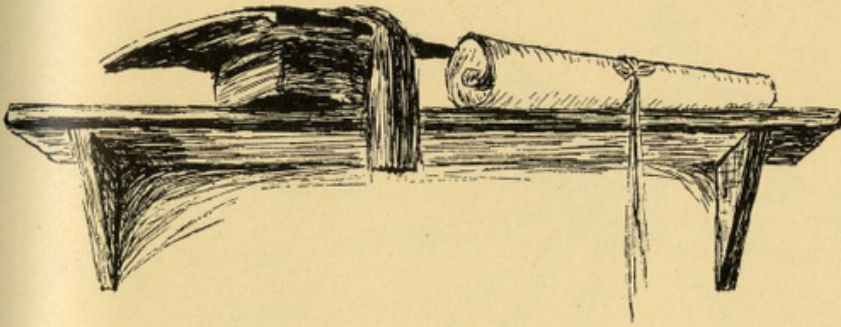
President . EDYTHE HENRY
Vice-President CHARLOTTE WALLACE
Secretary . DOLLIE WOODHAM
Treasurer . GLADYS SALLADAY
Sergeant-at-Arms PEARL BOSSONG

Up, up the ladder of fame,
 We climb its rings so strong;
 We have no fear
 Of a weak place here,
 Although the ladder is long.

Up, up, a band of girls
 Are we, in purpose one;
 We'll gain the fight
 In seeking light
 From morn till setting sun.

Up, up, why mourn a fall?
 Such mourning is in vain,
 Only with duties done,
 Only with battles won,
 May we the goal attain.



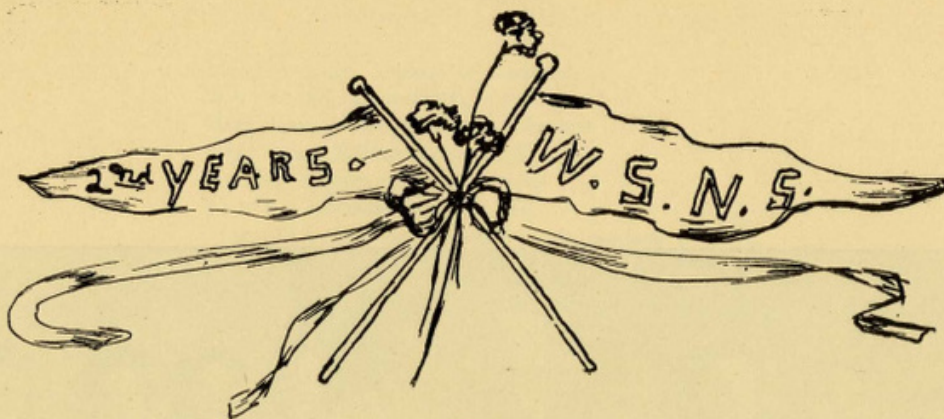


Class Yell: Boom-ta-de-a!
Boom-ta-de-a!
De-boom-ta!
De-boom-ta!
De-boom-ta-de-a!
Third Years! Hurray!

Color: A mixture of all sensations

Flower: White carnation





Second Year Complete Class

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	ROY CHAPMAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARIE BARTHOLET
<i>Secretary</i>	ANNA CLERF
<i>Treasurer</i>	DELOCIA MCKINSTRY

Colors: Red and white

Flower: Red and white carnations

Yells: 1, 2, 3, 4, Who for? what for?

Who 're you going to yell for?

SOPHOMORES

That's the way you spell it!

This is the way you yell it!

Sophomores!

Hip-a-molika, cheek-a-ching!

Flip-flap, flip-flap!

Bing! Bang! Bing!

Kick-a-poo, Wal-a-poo!

Sung gong sess!

Second Year! Second Year!

We're the best!



SECOND YEAR COMPLETE CLASS

CLASS SONG

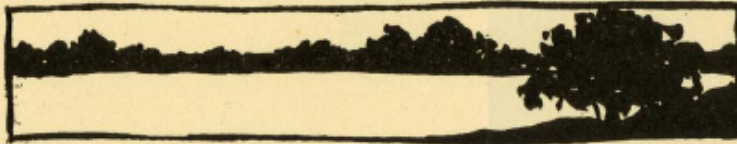
There's a class, among the students
Who within this building dwell.
With their books up in their lockers
They can all their lessons tell.
Not one falters at the questions
That the different teachers ask,
'Tis a class that no one need to try surpass.

CHORUS—

We are the Sophomores;
With red and white;
We'll wave our colors and pennants bright.
We'll not cause hard feelings
As they did a week ago.
But we've come out, as we wish you all to know.

Then come ye different classes,
And gladly join your hands.
Don't wear long faces
Or either wear green bands.
For stealing colors is enough to make one blue
So the best way
"Is always to be true."

A. L. C.



Second Year Elementary Class



Photo by Pautzke

WHAT THEY'RE ALWAYS SAYING

Rose Ernster—"Nothing."

Myrtle Thomas—"I'm going to quit and go home."

Lizzie Barnhart—"There'll be a class meeting tomorrow."

Ollie Duryee—"Say, I've got something to tell you."

Jacquelyn Fulton—"I wish historians had never been born."

Catherine Knox—"No one will know in a hundred years whether I knew anything or not."

Rotha Gibson—"What's the German lesson today?"

Blanche Randolph—"Oh, I'm a star in Geometry."

CLASS OFFICERS

President LIZZIE BARNHART
Vice-President BLANCHE RANDOLPH
Secretary JACQUELYN FULTON

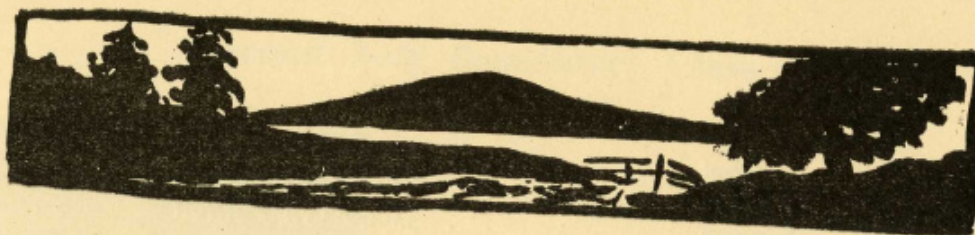
Colors: Tan and light blue

Flower: Marguerites

Yell:

Rickety, Rickety, Russ!
What's the matter with us?
We are the Elementaries.
Well I guess!
The wisest class!!
In the W. S. N. S.!





First Year Class

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	O. F. SELLE
<i>Vice-President</i>	CLARA BERG
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	NELLIE DEGOOD
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	EVALINE WAITE

Motto: EXCELSIOR

Colors: Old gold and purple

Yell: Wheezy, easy, easy, aisy,
Keasy, aisy, yang,
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Zip! Boom! Bang!

CLASS SONG

As the cock crows the young ones will learn
At least it's been so in our cases,
For ever since we can remember, we know,
We've always been called scapegraces;
In humbugging teachers we took a delight,
And when we'd played some little game,
Whenever we'd go and acquaint the Prof.,
He'd always be sure to exclaim:

"You grow more like Seniors every day,
You grow more like Seniors every day,"
When the tricks we would play,
The professor would say,
"You grow more like Seniors every day."

We are now most addicted to study, not fun,
In fact, we've studied to excess,
And have promised to study so many more things,
At last we've got into a mess.
There are Gertie, and Sarah, Bethesda and John,
Who've all had a promise from us,
When we told the professor he thought us O. K.
And then he said of us:

"You grow more like Seniors every day,
You grow more like Seniors every day,"
When tricks we would play
The professor would say,
"You grow more like Seniors every day."



Photo by Pautzke

FIRST YEAR CLASS

Society



HALLOWE'EN

Oh, that bleak day in October!
 Oh, the scheming of those Juniors!
 Ever watchful, fearful, tearful
 Lest their plans be unavailing,
 To revive the classic witches
 Of the days of Tam O'Shanter.
 Scarcely had the learned Seniors
 Reached the avenue of entrance,
 When a ghost so chill and real
 Grasped their hands and bade them enter;
 Up a steep incline it led them,
 Seniors, Faculty and others,
 O'er the hasty rail-made fences,
 By the light of Jack o' Lanterns,
 Paused to have the silence punctured
 By wind-filled bags' untimely bursting.

"Juniors, knights of pranks and revels,"
 Cried they with their wan, blanched faces,
 "Give us but a gleam of sunshine!
 Give us but the Gym to breathe in!
 Lest we fade away in silence."
 But they gave no other answer
 Than the sight of flying witches,
 Than the grinning skulls and cross bones,
 And the black cat's welcome silence.
 Hallowe'en! Hallowe'en!
 Then we shuddered. For their feelings
 Sorry felt, and gave them doughnuts;
 Shared our pop corn balls and cider;
 Warmed the chill blood in their bosoms;
 Sent them home unharmed yet wiser,
 To sweet dreams of Hallowe'en.



ONE of the most enjoyable social events of the school year was the Colonial Party given by the Fourth Year Class to the faculty, students, and friends of the school, on Friday evening, Feb. 22. The invitation was given in the form of "Ye Olde Time Proclamation," and requested all to appear in the costume of General Washington. What a demand there was for colonial costumes for the next few days! For everybody anticipated a good time and must have a costume, if possible. Everything that could possibly be done for our comfort and enjoyment was carefully planned and accurately carried out to minutest details by the members of the class. Nothing was left undone that would help to create an atmosphere of welcome or add a touch of quaint colonial beauty to halls, gymnasium or library. On entering the outer door our eyes first rested upon a tri-colored banner of "Welcome" at the head of the stairs. At the first landing we were greeted by an ebony-faced footman, beneath whose veneer of burnt cork we recognized Henry Gibson, who took our wraps and gave us blank cards, on which we were instructed to write the name of a noted American, by whose name we were to be known during the evening. Having mentally reviewed our American history, we wrote a name upon the card, were ushered into the drawing room, and there greeted by the smiling butler, Lee McManus, who escorted us to the reception committee standing beneath the historic cherry tree. From the drawing room we were conducted to the ball room. Never before had the old gymnasium presented such a beautiful picture as it did on that evening, with its decorations of great and tiny flags, pictures and bunting; and the merry crowd in quaint colonial dress and powdered hair. After dancing the stately minuet and old-time quadrille, we were allowed to indulge in modern round dances. Dainty refreshments of punch, tea, and cake were served during the evening. Finally, at a late hour, we reluctantly left the beautiful spectacle behind, but carried with us a cherry from the old cherry tree and the pleasant memory of the Fourth Years' Colonial Party.

THE reception of Prof. and Mrs. Wilson, given early in the school year to the faculty, was an unusually pleasant affair. Several members had been away for the summer, and a recital of their experiences was a feature of the evening. After refreshments were served, music on the violin, accompanied by the piano, was charmingly rendered by the Misses Florence and Lucile Wilson.

Dr. and Mrs. Mahan entertained the ladies of the faculty at dinner in their cozy new home. After dinner was served, cards were played in the big living room. The faculty women appreciate the opportunity of spending an evening together under so hospitable a roof.

The trustees and faculty were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. F. Home and Mr. and Mrs. L. Palmer, before Thanksgiving vacation, at the home of the former. The large dining room was prettily decorated with carnations. The guests were served by the Misses Home and Hadley and Master Frank Palmer.

Receptions are dull affairs when people try to look pleasant and truthfully say to the hostess, "Oh, I had the loveliest time!" But there will be exceptions to all rules as long as there are whims of women. This was made evident when the Senior Class so delightfully entertained the rest of the school at the dormitory. The doors were thrown open from eight to eleven, and guests were coming and going all the evening. The rooms were very artistically and tastefully decorated in ivy and wood ferns brought from the Soud. From the entrance of the lower hall, along the passageway to the dining room, was a pathway leading through trailing vines and ferns. At the head of the stairs was placed a large blooming marguerite, with pots of sword ferns on either side. Draped from the doors of the reception room, along the hall leading to the dining room, was a large fish net filled with sprays of ivy and fern leaves. Across one corner, this wall of green was caught up to form a little bower in which the orchestra charmed the ear with soft and mellow strains. In the reception room, Mrs. Arthur, Dr. Harris, Dr. Munson, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Warner, Dr. Bevis, Miss Grupe and the class president, Mr. Guibor, made all welcome and comfortable; while the Seniors passed among the guests shaking hands and escorting them to the refreshment room. Graceful sprays of ivy hung from the windows and chandeliers, and large bunches of white carnations and smilax were placed about the room. Again, in the refreshment room, were ferns, ivy and pink carnations. At the table, Mrs. Munson, Mrs. Bevis, Mrs. Wilson and Miss Hawks presided over the cake and coffee, assisted by Senior girls in the airiest, fairest costumes, who served the pineapple ice. The guests on departing could truly say that they had spent a most delightful evening.

On the frosty evening air of Feb. 21, 1907, were heard the gay voices of that jolly geography class which had assembled at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Bevis. After a hearty welcome, all were seated in the parlor—"a wooden box and the arms of the Morris chair finished up the line nicely, and nobody thought of grumbling." The conversation of the evening was some wise and some otherwise. Mr. T. failed in a few instances to see the point of the jokes, but, as usual, no one forgot how to act, knowing they were out in society. In viewing the various guns, knives, and other camping utensils, we came across a puzzle matchbox that was solved by the brilliant Katie C. (we hope, Katie, when you come to solve "a match" it may be done as easily). Then we adjourned to the dining room, where all, comfortably seated on the floor, partook of delicious corn meal mush, sassafras tea and apples. A happier lot of youngsters you never did see. The evening passed all too rapidly, and we were soon forced to separate for our homes.

Dormitory Squad

NAME	HOBBY	CHIEF WORRY	WANTS	FUTURE
Nellie Burke	Writing poetry	Popping the question	"Aunt Alvira"	A stewardess
Winifred	That diamond ring	Harold Rutledge	The man that goes with that ring	Old maid??
Hope	Flowers and candy	Growing fat	Another squelch at 2 a. m.	Time will tell
Ethelyn	Boys	Those flowers from Cle Elum	Another bunch of roses	Prima donna
Gertrude M.	Hunting books	Getting them back	To travel	Home in Italy
Gertrude R.	Sleighbing 20 below 0°	"Dose eyes"	A carriage to Cart(h)er	Secretary of S. S. S.
Edith	Obliging the boys	Her conscience	A bottle of anti-fat	"Match manufacturer"
Margaret Sharkey	Talking (?)	Carrie	A trip to Paris	An artist
Myrtle P.	Hunting up tea-cups	Agnes	Bread	Supt. of Yakima schools
Jo	Hypnotists and revival meetings	Ghosts	Her Tom	A cow-boy's wife
Carrie	Feeding chickens	The other girls	A pretty nose	Traveling woman
Norma	Star gazing	Act III of the "Love Chase"	A horse and some one to go with it	Circus performer
Katie C.	A grocery clerk	Her room-mate	Some "Dates"	Missionary
Jennie C.	Domestic science	Too dignified	A two step	Housekeeper
Anna P.	Sarcasm	Her hair-pins	A rest	Ain't goin' t' tell
Alma	Sugar	To get papers in on time	To look beautiful	Elocutionist
Adelia	Pennants	Her ring	A bell-boy to ring squelches	A position in Port Townsend
Bessie	Using big words	Her laugh	To be big	An actress
Anna W.	Tuesday night socials	To beat Lewis in tennis	A happy home	Tennis umpire
Bertha E.	Soaring	Other people's troubles	A Kentucky gentleman	Perry Deane
Grayce C.	Cracking jokes	Teaching	To be a boy	School teacher?
Grace M.	Railroading	"What time is it?"	To get near "Brown eyes"	Wife of Gen. Ag. of Wash. division of N. P.
Emma H.	Bumming	Making both ends meet	A white elephant and a diamond ring	Love and a cottage
Rose	Basket ball	Getting up in time for breakfast	"The man with the dough"	Stage beauty
Iva	Writing letters to Seattle	Freckles	To be an expert tennis player	A second "College Widow"

Dormitory Squad Continued

NAME	HOBBY	CHIEF WORRY	WANTS	FUTURE
Mae	Sage-brush	Dearie	A surveyor	Pres. of S. S. S.
Caddie	Staying out all night	Straightening out Dates	A doctor	Vice-Pres. of S. S. S.
Margaret B.	Gazing out the window	"Getting enuf bread"	Improvement in postal system	"Teaching Square-Heads"
Leila	"Gossiping"	"Nothing to say"	A help-mate	Missionary in Japan
Emma P.	Pillow fights	A "Pat"	A ticket exchanger	Life in Ireland
Rena	Skinney's Desert	Fr. History	A private street car	Traveling
Margaret Slater	Going to church	Choir	To be good	A minister's wife
Jean	Sardines	Essays	A base-ball pitcher	A base-ball catcher
Marguerite	Dancing	"That whistle"	A house and lot	Looking after "It"
Myrta	Getting worked up to it	"Making breaks"	A "man-s(i)on"	Vaudeville performer
Jean Rock	Fancy work	Lack of dignity	To sleep	Seattle school teacher
Katherine	Malted milk	Table II	Sleep	Name in Hall of Fame
Elizabeth	Sassafras tea	Getting down to breakfast	Share of all that's going	Manager of a Juvenile Paradise
Cunny	Keeping track of discords	Refrain from Reception Hall	To get all she can out of school	State Superintendent
Myrtle H.	Plenty of fresh air	Has none	To be let alone	A wanderer on the face of the earth
Agnes	Favorite expression, "Not on your life"	How to become a "Senior"	"I want my mamma"	Leading lady in "A Picnic for Two"
June	Taffy	That rippling laugh	The whole world	"A scrub woman," so she says
Rilla	Neatness	That boy at the U	To look nice	A civil engineer's wife
Minnie S.	Dining out	Getting to the table on time	A dentist	Home in Centralia
Mary	Evangelists	Those dingbats	A case of grape juice	Teaching screw-tops
Margaret Shipler	Letting out secrets	Philip	A letter every Friday	Nance O'Neil's understudy
Sara	Sparkling those eyes	Class affairs	Another chance to squelch	Life on her homestead
Grace Coy	Attending Congregational church	"That Evening Localizer"	Another "Spread"	A Sentimental Poet
Jane	Napping	Baby nephew	To go home	A millionaire's wife
Bertha K.	Writing letters	Calling to Leona and Bertha	A "big man"	A home in Chicago
Leona	"Reading novels"	Printing Flashlights	"A Mad Love"	Sis Hopkins II
Mrs. Arthur	Motherly talks	Exiting boys at 9:30	Some more good girls	Matron of the new dormitory

Organizations



The Crescent Literary Society

THE Crescent Literary Society has been under strong leadership, and has done solid work throughout the entire year. At the beginning of the year the four Round Tables were united in such a way that one and four worked together and two and three. This plan gives greater strength to each Round Table, and many interesting private programs were the result. The first public program was given early in the year, before any particular subject had been studied; it showed excellent preparation, however, and was well given. The paper on Jacob Riis was especially interesting because of the expected coming of Mr. Riis; and the talk by the leader of the Round Table, on "The Value of Literary Societies," was suggestive of the hopes and possibilities of the school societies for the year. The next program was given by Round Tables two and three and was the result of the study of "Les Miserables." This was a difficult subject to work up for a public program, but proved very entertaining. The work done during the quarter was utilized by members on the program, both in their choice and arrangement of Victor Hugo's story. The account of the little street gamin was presented with some sympathy and humor, and the resume of the novel, by the President of the Society, was helpful in giving a complete view of "Les Miserables" and of Victor Hugo's work as an author. The following is the program as given:

Jean Val Jean - - - - -	Miss Arntson	Victor Hugo - - - - -	Miss Pease
Marius and his Grandfather -	Miss Croquette	Gavroche, The Street Gamin -	Miss Pike
Summary - - - - -		W. H. Chapman	

The second program given by Round Tables one and four was the outgrowth of a study of the Northwest. The program consisted of Indian legends. The last program of the year was given by Round Tables two and three as the result of the quarter's study upon Japan, her literature, music, art and geographical surroundings.



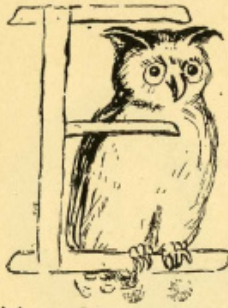
The Eclectic Literary Society

THE Eclectic Literary Society consists of sixty-eight members, equally divided into two sections, A and B. The sections have studied different subjects in their weekly meetings, and these subjects have formed the bases for the public programs. The first of these programs was presented by members of Section A, under the leadership of Lucile Wilson. The subject studied was the literature of Chivalry, and the program presented consisted of readings and tableaux from Tennyson's Idylls of the King. Edith Taylor was elected by Section B as leader for the second quarter, and arranged a public program which grew out of the study of Pacific Coast authors. The second public program, presented by Section A, was in charge of Nancy Horrocks. During the previous six weeks the section had been studying the poetry of the Victorian Age. The result of this study was a program consisting of readings, some with musical accompaniments, from Browning, Tennyson and Arnold. In May, Section B, under the management of Richard Beal, gave the final public program of the year: Excavations in the Far East. Every alternate week the two sections have a joint meeting where, this year, in addition to the regular program and transaction of business pertaining to the society, a part of the time has been profitably spent in parliamentary drill under the direction of Dr. Bevis.



Photo by Pautzke

THE TREBLE CLEF



The Philomathian Literary Society

EARLY in the school year of 1906-07 the literary society known as the Philomathian came into existence. It was composed of those students of the upper classes who had not already united themselves with either the Crescent or the Eclectic Literary Societies. When the society was organized it was found that there were only fifteen members.

Although at first some of the members felt that they had been compelled to do literary work, strange as it may seem, it was soon found that they were not a band composed of those who were not capable of doing it, every one was worthy of the name the society bore—"Lovers of Learning."

Having but a small membership, each one has had the opportunity of holding a position of responsibility, thus giving them practice and skill in conducting public meetings. During the year the society has taken up an interesting study of Germany, its history from its beginning to the present time, its literature, legends, artists, musicians and natural beauties. The Philomathians, by their activity and interest in their literary work, suggest that the old adage "Little but mighty" be changed to "Few but capable."

The Lambs' Club



ON Friday, November 16, 1906, all students classified below the Third Year and not belonging to either of the Literary Societies were requested to meet in the Assembly Hall for the purpose of organizing a new society. This was the result of an action on the part of the faculty, who had decided to make membership in some society compulsory. Believing the standard of work would be higher if the under classes were in an organization by themselves, they formed a society of students below the Third Year, including the Ninth Grade. Dr. Bevis, Miss Beals and Miss Meisner were placed in charge of the work of this society, and they explained its purpose at this initial meeting. After this was done, temporary officers and committees were chosen and the meeting adjourned. At the second meeting, November 23, permanent officers were elected, the constitution accepted and the name

Lambs' Club was chosen for the society. This name was suggested by the famous actors' club of New York and seemed especially appropriate, since the members are the lambs of the Normal flock. The first officers were: Pres., Mr. James McKinstry; Vice-Pres., Miss De Good; Sec., Miss Frances Hubbell; Treas., Miss Barnhart, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Warner.

The society is divided into four sections for literary work, and each section, with one exception, is in charge of a teacher. The work presented in the programs is chosen from the best of that done in the sections. The sections are as follows: Undramatic Reading, in charge of Miss Beals; Dramatic Reading, in charge of Miss Thomas; Composition, in charge of Miss Meisner. The fourth, Oratory, belongs by right to Dr. Bevis, but has been given in charge to Miss Mellicent McNeal. Only one program has been presented, and although the members have had very little experience in literary work, some creditable compositions were presented. The present officers are: Pres., Mr. Robert Warner; Vice-Pres., Miss Nettie Rehmke; Sec., Miss Jean Stewart; Asst. Sec., Miss Nellie De Good; Treas., Miss Jacquelyn Fulton; Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Ollie Durree. Altogether, the Lambs' Club has made an auspicious beginning.



Y. M. C. A.

CABINET OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	GERTRUDE CUNNINGHAM
<i>Vice-President</i>	VIRGINIA RADER
<i>Secretary</i>	LORETTA SALLADAY
<i>Treasurer</i>	BERTHA EIDSON

COMMITTEES

Missionary—

Loretta Salladay
Twila Eaken
Blanche Randolph

Intercollegiate—

Delia Tompkins
Loretta Salladay
Ingenia Smith

Nominating—

Minnie Buzzell

Membership—

Virginia Rader

Finances—

Bertha Eidson
Mary Williams
Grayce Croquette

Social—

Myrtle Peck
Myrtle E. Danes
Margaret Slater

Music and Rooms—

Nellie Burke
Ethelyn Clark
Cora Wilkes



Athletics

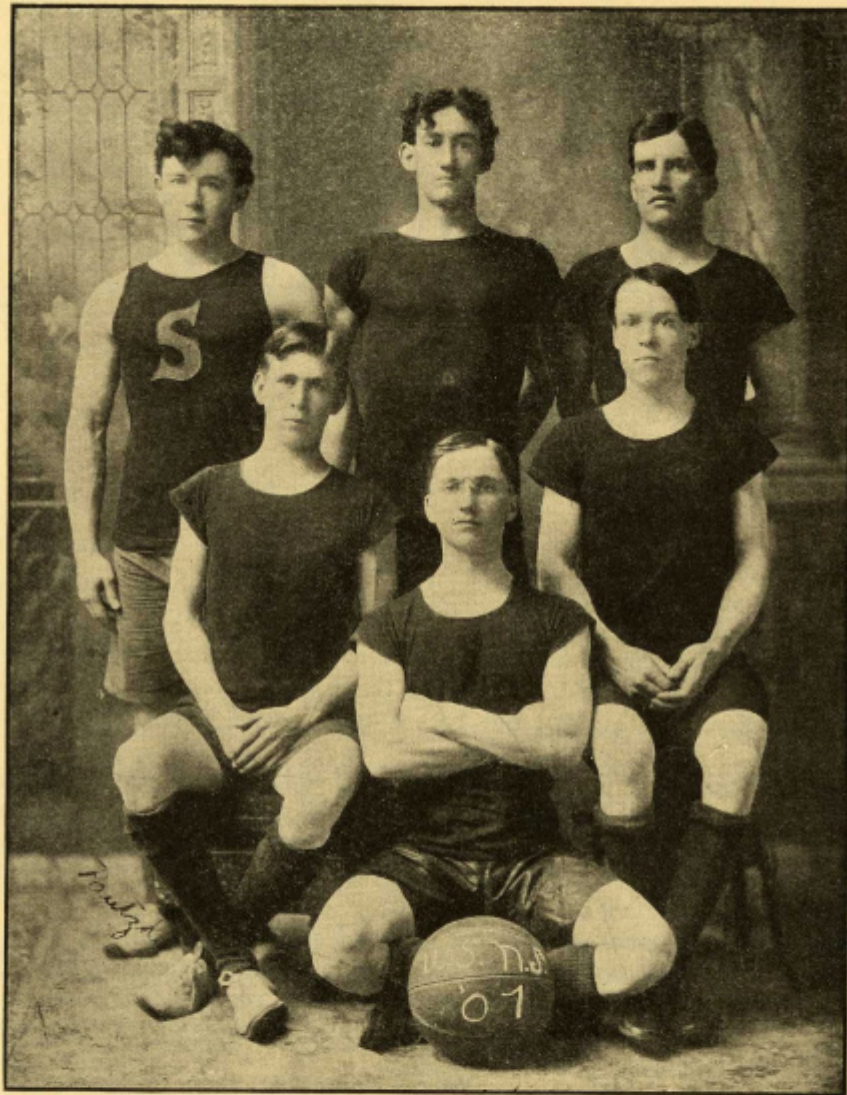


For several years it has been the desire of those members of the faculty who are most interested in athletics to organize, as far as possible, a girls' and a boys' basket ball team in each class. However, a single class is rarely found with enough boys for a team, and thus, with the boys at least, the matter is one difficult to handle. With the girls the problem is always less pressing as far as numbers are concerned. This year the Fourth Year Class has covered itself with glory from the standpoint of athletic organizations, and has put out both a boys' and a girls' team. Other classes, among them the Senior, have had girls' teams.

A regular team, however, composed of people from the school at large, was organized, and its presence stimulated the classes to a good degree of activity by frequent challenges to battle. All the games played among the girls were, with one exception, inter-class, and of no special interest to those outside the school. The regular boys' team was handicapped by several circumstances, but continued to fight the fight throughout the season, to uphold the reputation that this school has ever had in doing clean, honest, manly work in basket ball.

During the Christmas vacation the gymnasium was the scene of some lively work by the team of 1904, some of the members of which had come from various occupations and distances to renew the ties of athletic friendship, and to visit home and school in an interim of rest from their several occupations. We are very glad to print in our athletic section a short history of this team by one of its members, Stanley F. Atwood; also a description by another member, Frank T. Wilson, of the games that they played during the holidays.

During all the weeks of spring, tennis has been the most engaging athletic item for both boys and girls. Morning games have been especially popular, and seven o'clock often finds the balls flying from racket to racket. Tennis has been long in making a place for itself among the students of this school, but the pleasure and profit with which it has been taken up this year seem to insure its permanent establishment.



DAVIDSON

RADER

MAGMANUS

HENTON

CHAPMAN

GIBSON

Photo by Pautzke

Boys' Basket Ball

ALTHOUGH the boys of '07 had a great many difficulties to contend with, they succeeded in putting out a team that did them credit and held up the standard which our school has gained in basket ball. There has not been a coach in the school for the past two years, and Davidson and McManus were the only men left who had training under Mr. Saunders. The boys arranged to have F. T. Wilson coach them; but this was hardly adequate, as he could only arrange to be with them once a week, that time being an evening, when it was hard for the boys to be present. Notwithstanding these difficulties, a team of great possibilities, but of very little experience, was organized. The first game was arranged to be played with the Roslyn Athletic Club, in Roslyn. As usual, the N. P. was not running on schedule time, and it would have been a matter of luck if the boys got to Roslyn at all, let alone in time to play. They met at the depot in the morning to await their fate:—empty stomachs, a slow ride, a long wait, a slower ride with emptier stomachs. Upon arriving in Roslyn at seven o'clock, the boys were taken directly to the Athletic Club, where they would have a chance to rest before the game, which was called at nine o'clock. The first half ended in a score of 24 to 9 in favor of Roslyn. In the second half the Normal team got down to work and the game ended in a score of 34 to 16 in Roslyn's favor. On the whole the W. S. N. S. kept the ball in their end of the hall as much as Roslyn, but could not land it as often. The team returned the following day, arriving at 1:30 P. M.

The second fray was an engagement with the clerks of Ellensburg. The clerks put up a strong game, but the Normal team came out victorious. A date was made with Pullman for a game to be played at Ellensburg January 17. All preparations were made for it, but two days before the date a telegram was received to the effect that Pullman could not keep her appointment. Roslyn was substituted and this proved to be the closest contest of the season. Our boys played a good, clean, scientific game and although Roslyn used no science, they employed such means as pulling, holding and pushing, to win. The Normal had the best of it until just a minute before time was called, when Roslyn's forward made two baskets in quick succession, winning the game with a score of 13 to 12.

The last game of the season was played with the Ellensburg High School. The H. S. proved their knowledge of the game, succeeding in carrying the ball across the hall by dribbling. The H. S. boys were large, especially the guards, and when one of them happened to fall on Chapman or Henton, it was hard to tell whether or not anything would be left of them. The score was W. S. N. S., 48, to E. H. S., 18.





Photo by Pautzke

Girls' Basket Ball

BASKET ball among the girls has not been as popular this year as formerly, probably owing to the fact that it was decided at the beginning of the season to play non interference rules. A team was organized and practiced regularly all the first semester, playing no public games. At the beginning of the second semester, the Seniors challenged the school to a game and this aroused some enthusiasm as the challenge was accepted by the regulars, the Juniors and the Fourth Years. They played the Fourth Year and the regular teams only. Both games resulted in a defeat for the Seniors. In the game with the regular team the score was 17 to 2 and in that with the Fourth Years it was 5 to 0. Only a part of the latter game was played as two Seniors and one Fourth Year were injured in the first half.

The regular team, of the V. V. V. Girls, as they call themselves, then tried for a game with the Juniors, but no suitable time could be arranged for both.

Our first outside game was played February 26 against the North Yakima High School. The line-up was: Forwards—Mabel Simmons (captain) and Margaret Power; center, Lilian Anderson (manager); side center, Rose Lewis; guards, Anna Clerf and Minnie Noble. Owing to the lateness of the trains the visiting team did not arrive till 7:45 and the game did not commence till 9 P. M. or after. The home team had the advantage as the visiting team was not accustomed to playing under girls' rules, and seemed to fear the possibilities of fouls. They only scored two points, making no baskets from the field, while the score for the W. S. N. S. was 22.



Old Timers Played Basket Ball

REUNION of the old Normal team of two and three years ago was held during the holidays. They played two games together, one with the Normal gymnasium and one with the Roslyn Athletic Club in that city.

This was the first time the boys had been together for two years and in order to be so then, the different members were obliged to travel from forty to six hundred miles. The only one of the six who was residing in Ellensburg was Frank T. Wilson, employed in the Washington State Bank. His brother Stanley was engaged on the C. M. & S. P. survey and came from Easton. The other Wilson, Frank C., principal of the Roslyn High School, came from there. Stanley Atwood, principal of the North Street School, came from Ballard. Floyd Rader, a student in the State College, came from Pullman. The longest journey was made by Floyd Edgington, a student of Ashland Commercial College, who came from Ashland, Oregon, a distance of nearly six hundred miles, to be present and renew old acquaintances.

A brief sketch of the basket ball career of each of the players, all of whom are loyal sons of Kittitas County, might be in order here.

Floyd Rader, the veteran guard, played on the Normal team three years and then entered the State College, where he made good on his class team in his freshman year and played in substitute on the "Varsity." The next year he played regularly on the team and this year is also a member.

Frank C. Wilson played on the Normal three years, two as forward and one as guard. He graduated from the school in 1903 and is located at Roslyn. He has played on the Athletic Club both years since going there. The Roslyn Athletic Club has a reputation for fast teams, that extends over the state.

Stanley Atwood played center on the Normal team three years, and since his graduation has been located at Ballard. Last year he played on the Seattle Y. M. C. A. first team that won from Tacoma and Everett Y. M. C. A. He was also captain of the team in the Seattle City League which won first place in its section.

Floyd Edgington played two years on the Normal team and last year on the Ashland Athletic Club team. This team held the championship of Southern Oregon, having been defeated in only one out of eight games.

Frank T. and Stanley Wilson began their basket ball careers in the Normal Training School and then played on the Ellensburg H. S. team with Edgington. After their graduations there they entered the Normal, Frank playing on the team and Stanley playing sub. The next two years both were on the team and contributed much to its success.





WILSON, F. F.
WILSON, F. C.

EDGINGTON
ATWOOD

RADER

Photo by Fauske

Three Spasms of the Basket Ball Team of 1904

After three long years of yearning and waiting we, the basket ball team of 1904, reunited during the brief and refreshing Christmas Holidays. Playing then the game as we learned it at school, we won in three memorable contests.

The first game occurred on Saturday the 22nd. As previous nights and days had been spent attending school "functions" or in the cars, our condition was not excellent. We played against the remnants of the Normal team, with accommodation officers, and before an audience of small boys and relatives. Official score: 31-30.

The following Wednesday we met the Yakima High School. We were in good condition then and eager for the fray. The Yakima boys played a beautiful game, and considering circumstances, did remarkably well. They made five points—one basket by a clever one-hand shot from the center of the field. But we made a few more. For full particulars, however, consult the Evening Localizer of January 3rd. From a practical standpoint this game was ideal. While we had the incentive to keep the ball off the floor upon which the sprightly Yakimas were running about, we also had the privilege of tossing it to one another over their heads.

The third game was fought out in Roslyn. The delightful schedule upon which the trains ran all winter brought the morning train with us aboard to Cle Elum after 7:30 P. M. There "what to our wondering eyes should appear" but a three-seated sleigh with two prancing black steeds. For twenty minutes we enjoyed a beautiful sleigh ride, moonlight and inspiring—but only masculine. Within an hour fur and feathers were flying. As of yore the rabble hooted, jeered and insulted us. Man to man we pushed, held, kicked, shoved and blocked. But Roslyn misjudged us. Though not yet men, we were not mere boys as of three years ago, and our opponents found their betters! To our credit, however, let this be said. Give and take as it was, we were twice struck with fists and once mercilessly elbowed, yet we did not precipitate a free-for-all one-sided mix-up. The first half ended 10-0 in our favor—a score only once before equalled in Roslyn. The second half finished 7-7, making us winners 17-7. We believe that our playing suggested cool-heads and some knowledge of team work. We know on the other hand that Roslyn's showed star work; individual, breath-taking plays—breath-taking because they all hit us.

But, ah! the afterwards. The band of old Normalites shining in that dark country took us up to the rooms of one of their number. There they stuffed us with edibles, flash-lighted us all bunched up in a corner, and sang and talked us hoarse and husky. 'Tis at such times one knows the joy of living. From 1 A. M. to 7:30 we slept. Then we went to Cle Elum to await the pleasure of the N. P. Ry. Co. At noon we separated, not without regrets either. But next year watch the papers! We are going to get together again and not only Ellensburg and Roslyn will hear and see us, but from Seattle to Frisco we are planning to carry to new and greater victories the grand old yell of our dear Alma Mater.



Rogues'

1. Contrary, Worldly Guibor. Disposition—rather deliberate. Balks occasionally. Otherwise kind and gentle. Too old to bring first price.

2. Overworked, Confidential Goss. Disposition—very gentle. Gait slow and steady. Has a kind, loving eye. Easily managed by a woman. What am I offered?

3. Fickle, Xorbitant Karrer. Lovable disposition. Stylish appearance. Good gait. Commands attention of gentler sex. Never makes appearance without awakening such remarks as "Isn't he dear?" "I don't blame her for loving him, do you?"

4. Prudent, Affectionate Davidson. Needs but to be seen to be loved. Always a favorite with ladies and children. Often imposed upon by fair sex, on account of good disposition. Will travel double.

5. Good natured, Ambitious Spurling. Here is a bargain for the right person. Steady, industrious, lovable. Would work early and late for the right person.

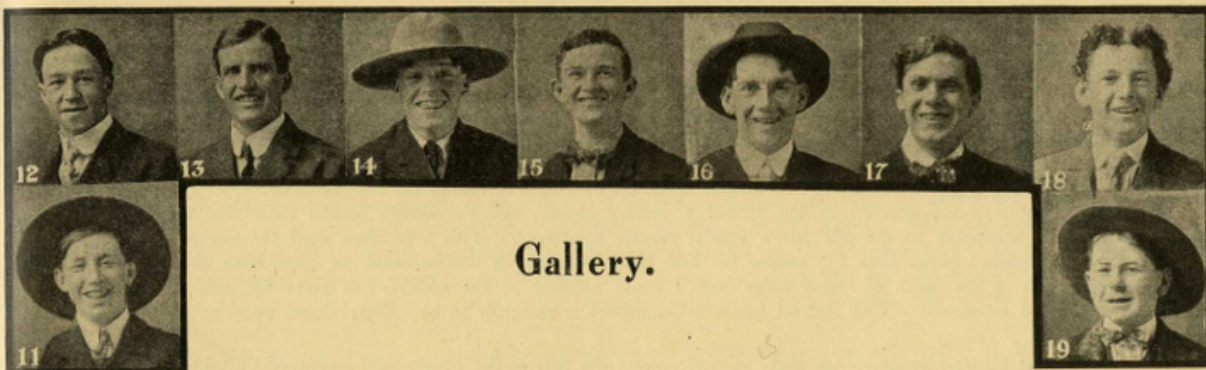
6. Spooney, Reckless Wilson. Rather coltish in habits but of good ancestry. Used to be vicious but quieter now.

7. Winsome, Humorous Chapman. Just what you want on the farm. Loves cabbages. Good-pace-sir. Will travel single or double.

8. McManus. (Wild Irishman). A bad man but not so bad as he looks. Always ready for a fistic encounter. Ambition, to be a prima donna.

9. Tremp. (Professor). A typical school man. A minus quantity in athletics. A lover of children. Will die an old maid.

10. Henton. (Fatty). A great debator(?). Has cut out girls on general principles. Ambition to be a great lawyer. Maybe he will.



Gallery.

11. Rogers. (Ego). Once lived on a farm. A chronic growler. But doesn't mean half he says. Always ready with advice. Thinks cows are smarter than horses.

12. Beal (Mama's Boy). Has nice rosy cheeks. Particular about his clothes. Buys his Butler diamond rings. Ambition to be a loving husband. His ambition will soon be realized.

13. Gibson. (Grandpa). A hard worker. Somewhat set in his ways. Girls have no charm for him. Ambition to be a minister.

14. Chapman. This *Chap* is only half a *man*. But he always does the best he can.

15. Warner. His length accentuates his Grace. His legs would win in any race.

16. Gibson. (Gibson Jr.) Look at him. Slim of statute, long of limb, but he is just the thing.

17. Selle. Here's the boy who never lets an opportunity pass to go strolling down the street to court some little lass.

18. Lewis. Of all the subjects he fatigues, the one most lasting is the leagues. And when he misses the ball you see, it's only the fault of the referee.

19. Grant. His name-it is historical, he thinks he's oratorical, In his class he is sure to pass, for he's always there with plenty of gas.

Lecture Course

TO become a well developed person intellectually one must possess more than mere book learning. There is a practical side to education. Important as these phases of education are, there is still another phase which cannot be overlooked and which is equally as important as either of these. The ability and power to grasp and appreciate the meaning of things heard and seen is by no means a small attainment; it characterizes an educated person and stamps him as belonging to a class separate and apart from the illiterate. Obviously, therefore, we can develop this phase of education to the maximum only by hearing and seeing the best possible.

Last year there was inaugurated in our school a lecture course, and the results gained therefrom were so gratifying that it was deemed advisable to provide for a similar course this year. This was done and the course obtained, taken as a whole, was somewhat better than the course for last year. Owing to our location we have been able to secure such talent as ordinarily is in the reach of larger cities only. Each number of the course was given by men and women who have attained national reputation. Our School Lecture Committee is certainly to be congratulated upon having obtained such a good course.

The Lulu Tyler Gates Company—a party of four—was the first in the course and appeared October 18. The company was greeted by a large and appreciative audience. Mrs. Gates, the leading member of the company, by her charming personality, rich voice and the enthusiasm displayed, captivated her audience, and consequently her readings were much enjoyed. The other members of the troupe—Miss Edith Adams, 'cellist; Mr. Graham Smith, basso cantante, and Mr. William Snyder, pianist—showed themselves to be artists in their particular lines.

The second number in the course was a musical entertainment given December 4 by the Earnest Gamble Concert Party. This company of three artists gave us something most charming and delightful in the way of musical selections. The vocal selections by Mr. Gamble, the violin selections by Miss Verna Leone Page and the piano selections by Mr. Sam Lamberson demonstrated that each performer is an artist and that neither one could be omitted without marring the most delightful effects of the entertainment as a whole. This number was one of high quality and met with the approval of everyone present.

The next number was the lecture by Mr. Jacob Riis, January 21. The subject of this lecture was "The Battle With the Slums." The lecture was well illustrated by many stereoptican views which were made from photographs taken by the lecturer himself during his twenty-five years' service as police reporter in the city of New York. Mr. Riis is a philosopher and a person of no little philanthropic desires. Among those who were most closely associated with him in his work in bettering the filthy and overcrowded tenement districts of New York City, he mentioned President Roosevelt, then Chief of Police, and Street Commissioner, Mr. Waring. The views shown showed the condition of certain tenement districts before and after these men had taken steps to rid these place of filth and overcrowding. The lecture was very interesting from start to finish, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the lecturer was back of, and in the midst of all these reforms. Mr. Riis seemed to put his whole soul into his lecture and consequently held the attention of his listeners without diminution for two hours.

The fourth entertainment was that given by Rogers and Grilley on February 4. This was a very unique and delightful entertainment and was well attended by both students and town people. The selections played on the harp by

Mr. Rogers were wonderful, while Mr. Grilley's choice readings, interspersed with original humor, never failed to receive the hearty applause of the audience. As Messrs. Rogers and Grilley are in constant demand in the larger cities and in the leading educational institutions, we were very fortunate indeed in being able to secure an evening with them.

On February 27, the fifth number—a lecture by Frank Dixon—was given. The subject of the lecture was "The Threat of Socialism." Mr. Dixon is an orator possessing great magnetic ability, wit, logic and eloquence. He gave every one present some good sound things to think about.

On Friday evening, April 19, the sixth and final number on our lecture course was given. This lecture by Senator La Follette on "Representative Government" was given in the Opera House and was, as every one can easily imagine, well attended. The Senator was introduced in a very fitting manner by Dr. Munson, who was his fellow classman at Madison. He was welcomed by hearty applause from the audience and by the Normal yell from the students. Every one present was anxious to hear the message the Senator had in store for each one, and consequently utter silence reigned throughout the house while he was speaking. Every one wished to hear every word spoken, and this was easily possible where the audience was so appreciative and the speaker possessed such a clear and well trained voice. Senator La Follette is able to speak as one of the best authorities on questions pertaining to governmental affairs, because he has had a very wide experience—been through the mill, so to speak—in dealing with them. He revealed to us many things and facts that were rather surprising, yet not one of them was of such a nature that it could not be verified. His lecture throughout appealed to the true conscience of every loyal American citizen. He spoke for three hours and held the attention of his audience unceasingly throughout the whole lecture and, even then, we would have been only too glad to listen to him another three hours. This alone is sufficient to show his ability as an orator, and as such Senator La Follette stands as one of the foremost men in our country. The Kooltuo agrees with Dr. Munson that the Senator is an orator, a statesman, and a possible future President of the United States. It would also like to see the late Governor of Wisconsin occupy the Presidential chair, because he is a man who is fearless in the discharge of duty, and it is such men that are needed to fill the high places in a nation. In the case of Senator La Follette we again see that good things come only in small packages. Although this lecture was to be given in our course last year, and could not owing to the late adjournment of Congress, it strengthened our course very materially this year and served as a fitting climax to the course as a whole. The lecture course which has been provided for 1907-08 can hardly be better than that of the past year, but it is hoped and expected that it may be fully as good.

F. X. K.



Students' Day

FACULTY

PRINCIPAL WILSON	CHAS. W. GUIBOR
PROF. MORGAN	NEWTON HENTON
MISS GRUPE	GERTRUDE CUNNINGHAM
MISS JESSIE WILCOX	LUCILE WILSON
DR. MUNSON	LOUIS A. TREMP
DR. HARRIS	ELIZABETH DRUMMOND
MISS THOMAS	HOPE COY
MISS WILCOX	MARGARET SHIPLER
MISS HOFFMAN	KATHERINE LANGRIDGE
MISS BEALS	GRACE MORGAN
DR. BEVIS	LEE McMANUS
MISS SABELWITZ	ETHELYN CLARK
MISS MEISNER	BERTHA EDISON
MISS HUNT	PEARL BOSSONG
MRS. WARNER	MYRTLE PECK
MISS HARN	FRANK X. KARRER
MR. HUSS	ROBERT WARNER

Students' day this year was celebrated in the most exemplary manner. The regular order of the morning assembly was carried out—somewhat elaborately, to be sure—and the work throughout the whole day progressed in approximately the same way that it does on ordinary occasions. Quiet reigned in the library and business “stalked” in the office. Miss Hoffman interviewed the culprits standing outside the doors of the training school rooms, Miss Wilcox smiled and assisted in the east corridor, as she ever does, and Miss Grupe added to her other manifold duties that of a little house cleaning.

The Assembly period in the morning was prolific in truth, humor and good advice. Dr. Harris took her place with gentle dignity and downcast eyes. Dr. Munson marched in much as though on the track of some miscreant insect, while Miss Thomas, black gowned and blushing, soon found her place beside him. Other members of the faculty took their places in the usual order and with due decorum, or were conspicuous by their absence. Among the last was Miss Sabelwitz; she had not arrived at the ringing of the last bell and Principal Wilson called for Miss (Myrta) Clark to take her place. However, Miss Sabelwitz, with her hand satchel very much in evidence, appeared at that moment, hurried and happy, her blue bows bobbing and her radiant smile enveloping everything.

The devotional exercises completed, the announcements were read by the Principal, and the roll was called by Miss Wilcox, who seemed to have assumed her greatest height for the occasion. As the roll-call progressed the faculty began to assume the appearance of long suffering martyrs, for the time was drawing nigh when it would be “up to them,”

and each member down in his or her throbbing breast had a few choice gems and weighty remarks of which it was both necessary and expedient to rid himself.

The Principal began by reading a letter to the students. We were shocked to observe, however, that they were so much interested in a certain member of the faculty at his left hand that they scarcely gave him proper attention. Dr. Munson, reticent as he always is, was only persuaded by much applause to deliver his message. He decided to do this finally, and assured his listeners that he was not always hunting for bugs or worms when he "walked out with measured steps and slow." He sometimes thought about the students and the students' characters. The students as a whole were highly gratified at this assertion, because with all their respect and awe of the learned doctor there mingled not a little of the continual remembrance that he is a man devoted to the study of small things of this world and one who has even "looked at an egg for four years" as he himself stated on one occasion. That he should interest himself in that subtlety of all subtleties a student's character was indeed a revelation.

Miss Thomas confided to the students the narrative of a very touching encounter with a strange and fascinating gentleman by the name of Brown. She met Mr. Brown when she was returning from Tacoma. Mr. Brown gave her a drink (of water, supposedly), sat beside her for some time and talked to her; but from the closing pathetic poem it was generally inferred that he did *not* propose. Miss Grupe, loaded with concise and simmered-down information as she always is, told the students in a few brief sentences about the trip she did not take. She also imparted some valuable information concerning New York City, to-wit: that this city is the largest in New York, the largest in America and the second largest in the world. The students were glad to hear in her last statement that she obtained her information from the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Vols. II, V, and VII.

Miss Hunt consented to speak briefly of the Art School in Roslyn where she was privileged to be a student for three years. She spoke of some of the doubtless national idiosyncracies of the Roslyn students of art, mentioning that the girls all carried Webster's Unabridged Dictionaries up their sleeves, and seemed to understand making them disappear up their sleeves with incredible alacrity.

Miss Wilcox told the school about the City Hall and the two factions or parties which composed the members of the august body that sat therein. Her description of the chair of honor richly upholstered in brass headed tacks and holes was exceedingly interesting. The students were referred to the Evening Localizer of the preceding Wednesday for further information concerning the parties. Dr. Harris entertained the students with some stories. Our Beloved Lady quite forgot her usual scholarly dignity in relating some very ludicrous incidents of her visit in the Emerald Isle.

Prof. Morgan, who evidently had been taking some trips across the River Styx, gave, among other interesting bits of news concerning the lower regions, a report of the weather at the time of his last visit. According to his remarks it was still pretty warm there. On the occasion of his last visit he heard a scrap of interesting conversation between Dr. Munson and Miss Thomas, who were deep in the subject of whether it is cultured to laugh aloud. Mr. Morgan had the sympathy of the whole school when he was overcome by an attack of stage fright, and he finished his speech rather abruptly by saying, "Well, this is the second time in my life that I have been stage struck. I suspect I had better let it go till another time."

The training school teachers were especially instructed by Miss Hoffman's advice on teaching. Her suggestions, though not expressed pedagogically, were very well made. Some of them were, "Don't ventilate; don't keep order; don't look at the children's papers; don't prepare your material for teaching before the teaching period. Don't fail to pinch

the children; don't fail to slap them; and be sure to gain the ill-will of all of them. This last is essential, I assure you."

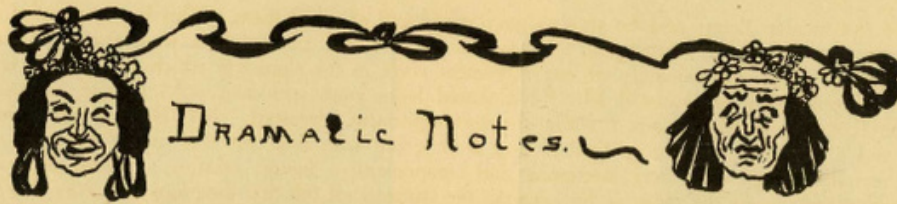
The time was, of course, very limited and the speeches of some of the teachers were short. Miss Beals assured pleasure. Miss Meisner spoke entertainingly of her settlement work in the slums, in which she had all kinds of children. the students that she would have run away if Mr. Bevis would have gone with her. As it was, it was an unexpected She mentioned little Ruth Shewbridge as one in whom she was especially interested. Mr. Bevis assured his friends that he intended to soar, and urged them to hang on tight if they were going with him, for they might get dizzy. He then proceeded to make them dizzy with some very interesting and comprehensive figures relative to distances from the earth to the various suns and planets. At the close of his remarks the students all felt that they had been traveling with the rapidity of "greased lightning."

Miss Sabelwitz, who had been modestly studying the tips of her dainty boots for some time, favored the school with a charming English lullaby: *The Boy Was Chasing His Mother Around the Room*. This was followed by a most feeling Irish melody. That the students appreciated these songs very much was evidenced by their hearty applause. Mrs. Warner had some announcements to make about the recent books and especially some classics which she thought the Senior class might publish and add to the library. She was followed by Miss Harn, attired in a sailor suit of modest blue serge, who made an announcement.

Principal Wilson requested that Miss Sabelwitz repeat her last number, owing to the fact that the tender sentiment of the piece was much marred by the students' applause. As Miss Sabelwitz finished, the bell for the second period sounded and the Principal, not wishing to run into the next hour of work, requested the students to go immediately to their respective class rooms.

T. E.

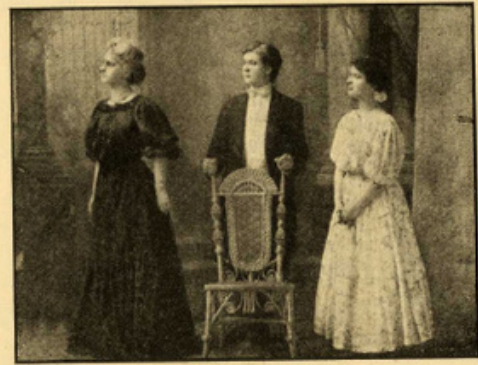
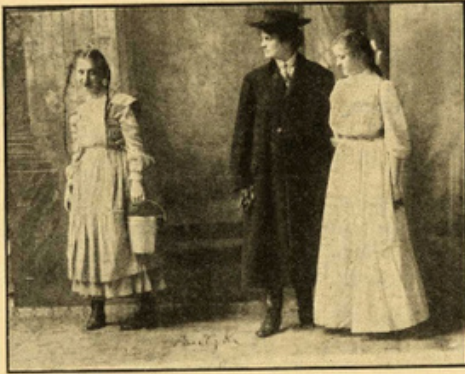




The Normal School was indebted to the Junior Class for the presentation of two plays this year. The class being a large one, this plan gave a greater number of students an opportunity to take part and also helped to fill the Kooltucoffers. The first play was entitled "Valley Farm." It was given at the Normal Hall on Tuesday, March 26. As the name of the play suggests, some of the scenes are laid in the country and many of the characters are good, typical farm folk.

Miss Rosing played the part of Hetty. She was very pleasing in her role and was best, perhaps, in her interpretation of Hetty when she quietly but firmly asserted her rights before Mrs. Rutledge. Silas Holcomb was played by Mr. William Chapman. He played this part as the author of the play probably conceived the character, that of a whole-souled, intelligent farmer, one with good insight into the affairs of life. The role of Alviry was well taken by Miss Arntson. She was the middle-aged, energetic, country woman, impatient with all trifling, but the soul of patience in waiting and hoping all these years for Azariah. Azariah himself was none other than Miss Burke. She was the very embodiment of a stone deaf procrastinating person. She delighted all with her good interpretation. The role of Verbeny—the slow-witted—won much applause for Miss Burwell, for she was always the stupid, grinning, awkward girl. Miss Herr presented the part of Lizy Ann Tucker very well indeed and gave us good insight into the way of the inveterate gossip who makes it "a pint never to repeat nothin'." The parts of Hildreth and Perry Deane were played by Miss Gilkinson and Miss Eidson. Miss Gilkinson's conception of Hildreth was that of the dignified, kindly person who judges by worth, not by wealth or social position. Miss Eidson was the truly noble Perry Deane who could forget his own happiness when that of his dearest friend was at stake. Miss Eidson was especially good in the scene where Deane comes to ask help of Hetty. Hildreth's and Deane's nobility throw into greater relief the shallowness and hard-heartedness of Mrs. Rutledge and Miss Carney. These roles were assumed by Miss Rock and Miss Plummer. Miss Rock was the handsome but haughty Mrs. Rutledge, Miss Plummer the pretty but unscrupulous Miss Carney. While it is often less gratifying to play "the villain," these parts give opportunity for the display of dramatic ability and Miss Rock and Miss Plummer made good use of the opportunity given. Miss Perry played the part of Harold Rutledge. As she interpreted this character, he was the good, honest young man whom one could not but like for his good manly qualities. Miss Rogers represented Jennings, the butler, with proper show of dignity and seriousness.

"The Love Chase," as presented by the second section of the Junior Class, was a happy interpretation of the author's conception. From the first our interest was assured, doubly so when the program pricked our curiosity by leaving us in the dark as to who was to take the part of Sir William Fondlove, placing it as "Your Guess." So that when in the third scene Mr. Morgan appeared as Sir William, enthusiasm ran riot. He was very happy in his interpretation of the character, true in his portrayal, never losing sight of his intention to woo and win the Widow Green, yet consistent as became the father of Constance. Miss Ethelyn Clark gave a unique interpretation of the Widow Green. Her air and manner,



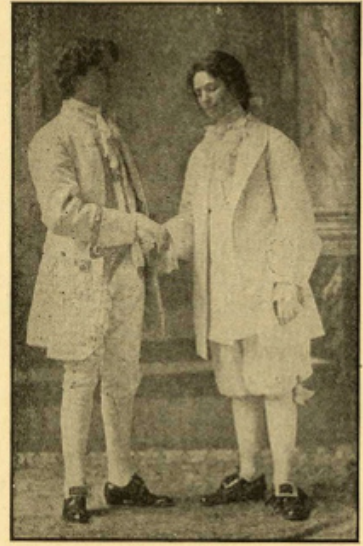
the very tones of her voices were consistent with her conception of this difficult character. Throughout the play she portrayed the coy, designing, but daring widow.

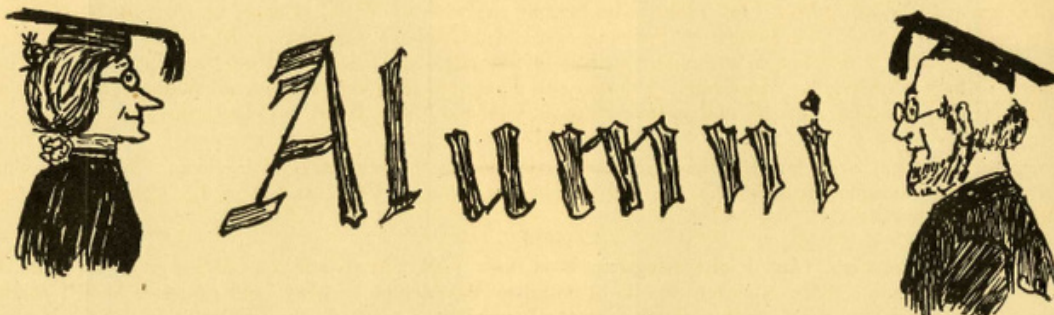
Miss Nancy Horrocks as Constance, seemed to catch the full meaning of this finely drawn part, and to carry its spirit to the audience with strength and power. She was easy and natural, but unaffected. Mr. F. X. Karrer showed Wildrake to be an honest, upright, unselfish country gentleman. Uncouth in some ways, he was ever earnest in his endeavor to please, especially the capricious Constance. The latter was fully alive to the possibilities for polish and accomplishments in "Neighbor Wildrake," and at the same time very much in love with his sterling qualities. Mr. Karrer portrayed in Wildrake an earnestness, a strength and determination most real. In contrast to the capricious Constance is the quiet, unassuming Lydia. Miss Margaret Shieler made this character a true, modest and wholly lovable one. She resisted in a steadfast way the advances of her wavering lover and sacrificed her own happiness for honor and duty. Mr. Philip Davidson as Waller, Lydia's lover, met this honest maid with a persistence and determination most worthy. Lydia and Waller were both finely interpreted, giving an excellent tone to, and holding a splendid atmosphere throughout, the evening. Miss Minnie Buzzell as Truworth surely deserved this title. The nobility of character, the true courage, the affection for her sister, Lydia, the holding of self above petty accusations, were all clearly and forcibly brought out in Miss Buzzell's fine interpretation of Truworth. Stanley Wilson as Neville, Harriet Terry as Humphries, Edith Hibbler as Lash, Grover Spurling, Chargewell; Carrie Johnson, George; Margaret Sharkey, the double part, Servant and Phoebe; Anna Wilson and Anna Harland as lawyers; Emma Currier, Alice; Bessie Richardson, Amelia, while having less prominent parts showed careful study and thoughtful interpretation.

This play is by no means deficient in beauties of language and thought. The comedy is one of the best of modern plays—displaying much of the beauty and power of our early dramatists, without a particle of grossness. The plays, as a whole, were well given. Miss Thomas showed excellent judgment in the assignments and the casts did credit to Miss Thomas and themselves in their presentation.



Photos by Pautake





MISS FRANKIE FARNHAM, '96, is teaching this year in Black Diamond. Miss Margaret Steinbach, '97, for some time connected with this school in the capacity of instructor, has spent the past year in Madagalpa, Nicaragua, with her sister Esther. Miss Steinbach is contemplating teaching next year in a high school in Palo Alto, Cal. Miss Cora Weaver, '97, is a teacher in the primary grades of the public school. Mr. William W. Montgomery, '99, formerly Superintendent of Schools in Hoquiam, has been elected to fill the vacancy made by the election of H. B. Dewey to Assistant State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

1900.

Of the class of 1900 Herbert Addison Gibbon is interested in Seattle real estate. Florence Wilding, formerly a teacher in Jersey City, New Jersey, has married; Zoora E. Weyer, for some time a teacher in Alaska, is at present at home in Washington. Raymond C. Morse, who has for four years been a student in the Northwestern University, writes: "For four years I have been buried in the details of a medical course but expect to emerge in June. Just what I shall do then I have not yet decided." Miss Alice Hensen (Mrs. James Christoe), has a home in Treadwell, Alaska. A very interesting article on Alaska's Localisms, printed in the Literary section, is her contribution to this year book.

1901.

Object, point, and presentation, Base your work on apperception—
Don't forget your preparation, Summarize and cause reflection,

Seniors touchstone 1901.

With this pedagogical class yell we went forth from our Alma Mater to conquer and revolutionize the educational world, but "how often, oh how often, in the days that have gone by" we have called to mind that quotation from Browning which Mrs. Riddell so indelibly impressed upon our memories, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp or what's a heaven for." And this is what has happened to our class of thirteen: The Misses Rowland, Kruegal, Mann, Stickney, Wallis, Dennis, and Mr. Wilson, married—the latter still following his profession. Miss Ostrom is teaching in Tacoma, Miss Grindrod in Roslyn, Miss Lewis in Wilkeson, Miss Larson and Miss McKinney in North Yakima and Miss Myhan in Seattle.

MAY MYHON

1902.

This class has the good record of five marriages, the members who have decided to take the serious step being H. F. Blair, for two years Superintendent of Kittitas County; Miss Esma Dennis, who is known as Mrs. E. H. Taylor, with

a home at Yakima City, Wash.; Miss Floy Hoke, who became the wife of W. C. Poage, on August 24, 1906. Miss Eva Oldham now Mrs. O. C. Packwood of Spokane, and Miss Minerva Getz—now Mrs. Lee Barnes, Ellensburg. Of the others Miss Wilson is teaching in the public schools in this city. Mr. Oscar McBride is County Superintendent of Clark County. Misses Pendergest, Morehouse, Painter and Fauts are teaching, we find, in Walla Walla. In Tacoma we find Nellie Nelson, Mildred Burwell and Esther Russ all teachers. Mrs. Baker is at home this year.

1903.

The class of 1903 has, with possibly four exceptions, remained in the profession of teaching. W. L. McClure is a student of medicine at Chicago; Miss Pihl has married and is now living in Ohio, and Wm. Q. Osborne is at present a student at the State University.

1904.

The president of this class, Miss Eloise Kingston, is in New York City, where she has been for two years devoting her time to the study of music. Miss Kingston expects to return to Washington in May, and expresses herself as delighted at the prospect of being in the West again. Ruby Campbell completes a course in the University in June. It is rumored that she expects to specialize in "Domestic Science." Olive Hooton is now Mrs. Sander of Seattle. Lida J. Olding is teaching this year in Alaska and Beatrice Robinson is at Walla Walla. Other members have either continued as teachers or have taken private pupils for life.

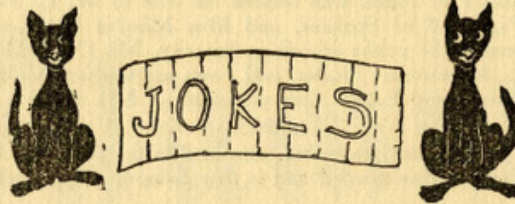
1905.

Very little change has occurred since last year in the location of the '05s. Helen Hardy is teaching in the Pullman School this year and Victoria Du Vall has taken a position in the Seattle schools. There have been no other changes except matrimonial, which are always favorable. William Courtney Poage holds the same position as last year, but has taken an assistant in his home. Florence Merritt has added Stanton to her name and advises us each to take a school of one. Certain members of the class, of a mathematical turn of mind (thanks to Prof. Morgan), have been working out the matrimonial problem of the class as a new form of arithmetical progression. One married the first year, two during the second year—and we look forward to three the coming year. At this rate the year 1911 will find only one of the twenty-two members looking forward to continual single-blessedness. Which shall it be?

1906.

When you enter the profession of teaching there are many things that demand your attention. Now you use, for the benefit of the less experienced, the knowledge previously gained. Just here come in some of the joys of teaching. When you are placed before forty little urchins all bubbling over with curiosity and animation, eagerly drinking in all "teacher" may say or do, you are unconsciously put upon a pedestal as an ideal. As a result you begin a dreadful self examination wherein you determine to eliminate your bad qualities and to develop those which are good. Perhaps this is the reason teachers become more charming as time progresses. Perhaps too this is the reason, as once stated at the Normal, that one's life as a teacher is limited to two and one-half years. Who knows? Not alone as teachers but also as men and women are we happy to give to the world something good in return for having lived in it. "For the world is so full of a number of things that I think we should all be as happy as kings."

So says Alma Bishop, the president of '06, who is teaching this year at Pullman. Of this class Marion Maxwell, Seattle, is teaching in the Seattle schools; Lucile Davis in Spokane; Martha D. Davis in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; May Hubbell and Flora McDonald at Tacoma; Flora Salladay at Toppenish; Francis Smith at Port Townsend, and Jennie Wiley in Ellensburg. During the past year Misses Maxwell, Macdonald and Hubbell visited in Ellensburg.



There was an old Doctor who slept
in a tent;
Heard his gate squeak, knew not what
it meant.
So took up his gun from beneath his
head
And to scare the marauders, shot under
the bed.
They scampered about but not out of
hearing,
Though the Doctor shoots bear, yet
him they're not fearing.
On the still air of night fell the old
Normal yell;
Thus a "sweet" band of Juniors sa-
luted him well.

Prof. B—— suggests that the Jun-
ior girls may take their wedding tours
in a flying machine.

Hopeful Member of Junior Class: I
hope we won't have to wait that long
before we are married.

Cheer up, girls. He's in the all-
encircling good.

Bessie (in tearful voice): Oh, dear!
I hurt the cortex of my cerebellum.

Mary D—— (after searching
through all cupboards in room and
looking in all bottles): Dr. B——,
where is the H. O.?

Prof. B——Miss W——, what
would you do to electrify sealing wax?

Miss W——: Rub it with cat's fur.

Prof. B——: If you didn't happen
to have any cat's fur——

Miss W—— (brightly): Rub it
with the cat.

Prof. B—— (in Algebra): Do
them all in your head.

S. McK——: I do them all in my
head, but I do them on paper first.

Mr. H—— (in Arithmetic): Then
the moon is between the earth and the
sun.

Prof. M——: Why?

Mr. H—— (slowly but surely):
W-e-l-l. B-e-c-a-u-s-e.

Prof. M——: That's a very good
reason. Yes.

This April 18 in Assembly——

Prof. W—— (to Dr. H—— in
an undertone): Who is to speak this
morning.

Dr. H—— (smilingly): You are.

Prof. W—— (looking embarrassed
and turning to Miss S——): We will
practice singing this morning.

March 1: Prof. W—— says he
has a strong temptation to propose to
Miss G——.

Question: What did Ulysses do
when he came back from the war:

Reply: He settled down at home to
be a good Christian.

Miss Thomas thus announces a Pub-
lic Literary: The program will be very
interesting. The subject is love. The
students haven't much practice yet,—
but it will be good, what there is of it.

A Prof. (to a dignified Junior,
caught limping): Why you're lame,
what's the matter with your foot?

Junior (with confusion): Oh, it's
nothing. A matter of long standing.

Student: What does Eclectic mean?
Member of faculty (Crescent):
Why, I guess it's meaningless.

Prof. M—— (in Arithmetic):
Why, yes, Arithmetic has poetry in it.

G. C——: Well, it's blank verse.

G. R—— (translating in Latin
and coming to two difficult words):
Well, really, Miss Beals, I haven't
good sense——

Miss G—— (to the Observation
Class): You will not have observation
tomorrow as I do not care to have any
unusual things breaking in upon the
training school children.

Bob (in a fit of dramatic frenzy, at the Dormitory): I'm Pocahontas.

G. R——: That's true, all right. You're poky and you certainly haunt us.

Dr. B——: What do they raise in corn regions besides corn.

M. Sh——: Pigs.

Miss G—— (in Phychology): Can you imagine how Whittier would see a red primrose.

N——ie C——: Whittier was color blind.

Bright Boy: Stanley, are you going driving this afternoon?

Stanley: I *Hope* so.

Seniors (in Assembly after Hat Affair): Awake at last.

Bright Junior: We're glad you are.

Miss W—— (in History): Give an example of accident in history and its result.

N. M——: Well, Columbus started out to find India and ran across America.

Miss H—— (in Art, discussing color schemes): Miss W——ms, for instance, would not look well against a bright blue back ground. (I wonder why).

Miss T—— (in Assembly after telling about her Honolulu trip): O yes, there was just one other little thing I wanted to tell you about. I had a proposal.

Prof. W—— (in Assembly, discussing an omelet): An omelet should be cooked just a certain length of

time, or the aluminum in the egg is destroyed.

Miss S—— (looking up at Dr. B—— on the tower): Jump down, Dr. B——. I'll catch you.

Dr. B——: Thank you, I've already been caught.

W. P——: I wish the earth would rotate seventeen times faster so I wouldn't weigh quite so much. (Don't worry, there are others).

Miss G—— (in Psychology: Miss Sh——, give an example of a syllogism.

Miss Sh——: All educational institutions are good, the Normal is an educational institution, therefore, the Normal is good.

Miss S—— (at first public appearance of Treble Clef): The Treble Clef will sing all through the night.

Seniors, Blow your pitchpipes gently!

Mr. T—— (fifth grade Geo.): Mae, name the two kinds of volcanoes.

Mae: A door mat volcano is one that sleeps. An active volcano is a door mat volcano that's got busy.

Mr. M—— (discussing temperature): Where should the thermometer stand, usually?

Miss B——: In the middle of the room.

K. C—— (to handsome grocery clerk): Do you keep dates.

Mr. B—— was given the number 23 upon entering the Music Class. He evidently took the hint for he "never came back any more."

Wanted by R. W——r, an opportunity.

Miss T—— (in expression, in meditative manner): What is love?

Miss C—— (promptly): Something that makes your heart go heap much pittipat.

Two Juniors and a Third Year Girl out star gazing.

First Junior (gravely): What a funny star!

Second Junior (seriously): That's the moon, isn't it?

Third Year (laughing): It's the town clock.

Miss W—— (patiently waiting to play Tennis): Say, Mr. G——, doesn't your arm get tired when you play so long.

Charles B—— is very fond of golf. That's the reason he always takes his Caddie with him.

Dr. M—— (in Sociology): Now shoes are made in Massachusetts and salmon in Washington.

Dr. B—— (handing Miss M—— the spectroscope): Now look through there—look at me—tell me what you see.

Miss M—— (looking through at Dr. B——): Why, I don't see anything but green.

Mr. H—— (in Fourth Year Class meeting): Did they wear that kind of a costume in Washington's time?

Miss H——man: I can't quite remember.

Bob (in a fit of dramatic frenzy, at the Dormitory): I'm Pocahontas.

G. R——: That's true, all right. You're poky and you certainly haunt us.

Dr. B——: What do they raise in corn regions besides corn.

M. Sh——: Pigs.

Miss G—— (in Psychology): Can you imagine how Whittier would see a red primrose.

N——ie C——: Whittier was color blind.

Bright Boy: Stanley, are you going driving this afternoon?

Stanley: I *Hope* so.

Seniors (in Assembly after Hat Affair): Awake at last.

Bright Junior: We're glad you are.

Miss W—— (in History): Give an example of accident in history and its result.

N. M——: Well, Columbus started out to find India and ran across America.

Miss H—— (in Art, discussing color schemes): Miss W——ms, for instance, would not look well against a bright blue back ground. (I wonder why).

Miss T—— (in Assembly after telling about her Honolulu trip): O yes, there was just one other little thing I wanted to tell you about. I had a proposal.

Prof. W—— (in Assembly, discussing an omelet): An omelet should be cooked just a certain length of

time, or the aluminum in the egg is destroyed.

Miss S—— (looking up at Dr. B—— on the tower): Jump down, Dr. B——. I'll catch you.

Dr. B——: Thank you, I've already been caught.

W. P——: I wish the earth would rotate seventeen times faster so I wouldn't weigh quite so much. (Don't worry, there are others).

Miss G—— (in Psychology: Miss Sh——, give an example of a syllogism.

Miss Sh——: All educational institutions are good, the Normal is an educational institution, therefore, the Normal is good.

Miss S—— (at first public appearance of Treble Clef): The Treble Clef will sing all through the night.

Seniors, Blow your pitchpipes gently!

Mr. T—— (fifth grade Geo.): Mae, name the two kinds of volcanoes.

Mae: A door mat volcano is one that sleeps. An active volcano is a door mat volcano that's got busy.

Mr. M—— (discussing temperature): Where should the thermometer stand, usually?

Miss B——: In the middle of the room.

K. C—— (to handsome grocery clerk): Do you keep dates.

Mr. B—— was given the number 23 upon entering the Music Class. He evidently took the hint for he "never came back any more."

Wanted by R. W——r, an opportunity.

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Wanted—from the W. S. N. S.—A boy to exchange places with the Governor. Don't all speak at once.

G. S—— (rubbing a piece of quartz on a piece of bicycle tire, accosted by Miss D——):

Miss D——: What are you rubbing it on?

G. S——: Rubber!

Miss D——: Oh!

The following notice appeared on the bulletin board: Wanted—A butler. No boys need apply. See B. R——rs.

Prof. B—— (looking into mirror): "Class, I look in this every day and find each time that I am getting better looking."

Miss C——: If it affected me the same as it does you I would prefer to leave it alone."

The teacher in Sociology, discussing Art, explains what Western Art is: You take some paint and daub it over and make it as cheap as possible and there it is.

Senior Girl (inquiring at P. O. of polite but amused postal clerk): Shall we direct this Minneapolis, Minnesota, or Minnesota, Minneapolis?

B. E. (in geography): Articles of felt, wool, etc., are made from antiquity.

Prof. B—— (in geography, speaking of the laying of the Atlantic cable): The Great Eastern took the readings from the moon to find the latitude and longitude.

Pretty little Junior Girl: I want to join the Y. M. C. A. How shall I do it?

Miss W—— (in history): Miss P—— how would you teach history in the grades?

Miss P——: Well-er, Miss W——, I believe in telling stories.

Dr. B——: We are going star gazing tonight, and each person is to come accompanied.

Miss P——: Accompanied with what?

Dr. B——: A note book.

Roy (in Psych.): Miss G——, let me give you some experience.

Gov. Mead (when introduced to one of our Dorm. girls): Miss L——, Oh, yes, I remember, I met you at the reform school.

F. X. K. (to ninth grade algebra, which came in noisily): Why do you all come in like sheep.

Bright Pupil: We all belong to the Lambs' Club.

Mr. Lancaster in his lecture on good roads spoke of their matrimonial value.

K. L. (next day): Now I am very much interested in good roads.

Question: What do you take in Gym?

M. Sh——: Anesthetic drill.

Miss G—— (in Psychology): How do you get weight?

R. R——: By experience.

Senior Girl (shortly after the basket ball game): Hasn't Norma the most beautiful black eye(s).

HEARD IN TREBLE CLEF.

Be responsive. Smile when the Director smiles.

Sing around your teeth.

Keep your eyes on the Director.

Open your mouths wide, girls, sing m-e-e——

Sing softly and sweetly and without breath.

BLOW THE PITCH-

PIPE GENTLY.

The Leading Hint in Music Class Is blowing the pitchpipe gently. For if you don't you will not pass, So blow the pitchpipe gently.

The next in order, don't be late To blow the pitchpipe gently, But come in time and sit up straight And blow the pitchpipe gently.

Now sing the scale so sweet and low, And blow the pitchpipe gently, Then sing with lo and call it do And blow the pitchpipe gently.

Ascend the scale in tune so low And blow the pitchpipe gently Descend the ladder, there, we're through

As sounds the pitchpipe gently.

Remember this, you'll no more, Just blow the pitchpipe gently— In music if you wish to soar— Blow the pitchpipe gently.

M. W.

Why are so many of the students so interested in Astronomy—(star gazing)?

A LAST WORD

BEFORE closing this, the second school annual, a few remarks to our readers, our friends and all who by their kind assistance have made it possible for us to publish the KCOLTUO for 1907, are in order.

To accomplish any great undertaking and to meet fitly any great responsibility, a class, like any other group of individuals, or better, like an individual, must first become conscious of its dignity and its energy. In view of this, the Class of '08 has tried under very trying circumstances to meet fitly this great responsibility (for such it truly is) of publishing a school Year Book. We have made an earnest endeavor to do the best that could be done under the circumstances. We hope and would ask, therefore, that our readers in judging this, the product of our labors, will bear in mind that to accomplish perfect results, in such an undertaking as this, one must be an artist, have perfect materials with which to work, have ideal conditions under which to work and, above all, must have the undivided financial and literary support and the good-will of the student body.

We feel sure if our readers will bear these things in mind they will be somewhat lenient in their criticisms. However, we are quite willing to take just criticisms, for we realize that such criticisms are essential to our improvement and advancement. All must admit, however, that the Kooltuo for 1907 will ever stand as a monument to the Class of '08 testifying to its perseverance and stick-to-it-ive-ness.

To you who have been hit we extend our deepest sympathy, and, if it were not for the fact that we believe in treating all alike, we would gladly have given your blow to someone else. As it is, however, you should find consolation in the fact that you are not the only ones, and that there must be something about you that singles you out from the rest, otherwise you would not be used as a target.

To you upon whom it falls to publish our next school annual we extend our encouragement and suggest that you profit both from our successes and from the criticisms we have received. We have set a mark, it is for you to set it higher.

We extend our thanks to all who have aided in any way the publication of this manual. Your efforts have all been greatly appreciated.

Finally, we would suggest that our readers patronize all those, who by their advertisements, have aided us in a financial way. They will be pleased to serve you as ably as they have served us.

BUSINESS MANAGER.





Bankers Printing Co., Times Bldg., Seattle.

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THE

Prescription Druggist

Fine Stationery

Toilet and Fancy Articles

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WASHINGTON STATE BANK

Capital, - \$50,000



ACCOUNTS OF STUDENTS SOLICITED

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S. H. & M. Guaranteed
Silk Petticoats
Eskay Kid Gloves
Kayser's Double Tip
Silk Gloves

P. KREIDEL & CO.

Leaders in Ladies' Apparel

Flynn's Shoe Store

The

Normal School Annex

FOR

Shoes and Slippers

North Pearl St. Ramsey Block
ELLENSBURG, WASH.

THE PALACE

The Only Place to Buy

Fine Candies and Ice Cream

A. F. SCHULTZ, Prop.

SIMON P. FOGARTY CO.

Are Now Offering a Very Complete Line of
WHITE EMBROIDERED SHIRT WAISTS for LADIES and MISSES
In India Linen, Linen and Silk.

The prices are 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00
and \$6.50 each.

At present we have a full range of sizes from 32 to 44 inches

E. M. SNOWDEN, President

P. H. W. ROSS, Cashier

**THE
Bank of Ellensburg**

Capital, \$25,000

The Oldest Bank in the County

TRANSACTS A

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**THE FAIR
Department Store**

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY

Shoes and Furnishings

A. C. SPAULDING, Prop.

ELLENSBURG

ELECTRIC LAUNDRY

J. LEE STAMEY, PROP.

Up-to-date Equipment.

Work Promptly Executed

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Heinz' Bulk Olives, Sweet,
Mixed and Sour

PICKLES

Nabisco, Champagne,
and other Fancy Wa-
fers at

Flummerfelt's

R. B. WILSON & Co.

FOR ANYTHING IN THE

Dry Goods Line

WE ALSO CARRY A

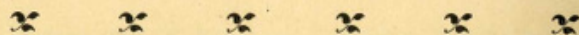
Complete Line of Men's Furnishings

When Seeing Is Painful

If after working a while
your eyes sting and burn,
immediate relief is ob-
tained by our perfectly
adjusted glasses



Dr. O. Klug

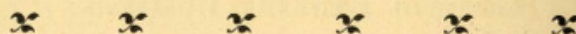


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BOOK STORE

Is Headquarters
for Everything in

Normal School Supplies



Engraved Cards

And

Invitations

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THE ELLENSBURG PANTORIUM

Clothes Cleaned, Pressed, Repaired and Dyed

JAS. E. WILSON, - - - Prop.

Corner 5th and Pine

Merchant Tailors

B. B. KRUEK, Prop.

**New Goods for Men, Clothing,
Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Etc.**

**Suits Made to Order, \$15.00 Up
Pants to Order, \$4.00 Up**

THE A. C. BUTLER CO.

Groceries, Candies and Nuts

BEST QUALITY

LOWEST PRICES

The Bon Ton

BARBER SHOP AND BATH ROOMS

402 Pearl St.

HARRY J. BLOCK, Prop.

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**Groceries, Fruits,
Candies, Etc.**

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"SQUARE DEAL" REALTY COMPANY

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REAL ESTATE

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E. E. WAGER

LAWYER

State Bank Building

DR. E. Z. KREIDEL

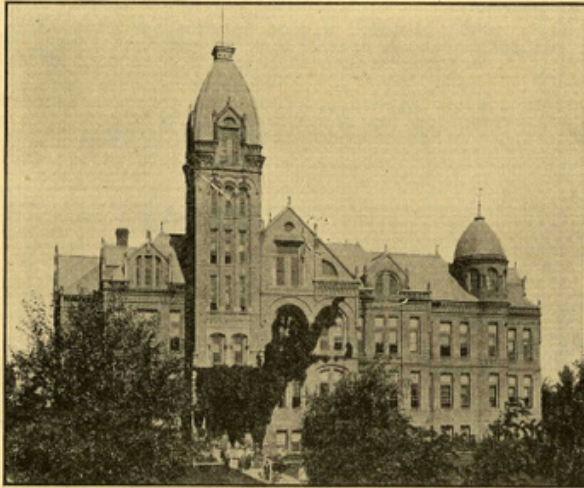
Dentist.

OWL DRUG STORE

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**Physician and Surgeon
RAMSEY BLOCK**



Washington State Normal School

AT ELLENSBURG

Established in 1890

Opened September 6, 1891

Building Erected in 1893

THE SEVENTEENTH YEAR WILL OPEN SEPT. 4, 1907

Admission by diploma of an accredited high school; by certificate of standing in a reputable school of high school grade; by teacher's certificate and examination.

An examination for admission will be held at the Normal School September 2 and 3, 1907.

Tuition is free to those who declare their intention to become teachers in Washington.

Registration library fee, ten dollars.

Board in Ladies' Dormitory, \$ 3.75 per week.

The location of the school is exceptionally attractive and easily accessible; the grounds have recently been enlarged and beautified; the building is suitably furnished; equipped with modern appliances and adorned with works of art.

For a catalogue or particular information apply to the PRINCIPAL.

